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"A wife for a year, and since the hour which made me such, I have not once seen my husband."

STRANGELY WED;

OR,

WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

Author of "Adria, the Adopted," "Cecil's Deceit," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

A NOVEMBER day, when breaks of momentary sunshine through the cloud-banks, that for the most part obscured the sky, lit up the landscape with gleams of brightness that were counteracted by the keen sweep of the windy gusts which rose and fell fitfully. Drifts of fallen leaves, brown and crisp, hurtled into waving lines, into rustling symmetrical heaps, or fluttered into seemingly protected places, only to be caught up and driven in a somber-hued shower hither and thither, the process repeated over and over again, while the leaf-victims rustled an unceasing complaint from the midst of their flying masses.

Granville wood lifted its bare branches, and presented its moss-covered knotty trunks of giant growth, a dark phalanx ranged in perspective, against which the open Granville grounds lay pictured in bold relief. Somber, they seemed, even in the bright summer weather, and now the glimpses of brief sunshine touched them timidly, and fell away again as though fearing to penetrate the darker coverts.

The blasts, more bold, rattled the stark branches and made sport of the dead brown leaves, yet seemed to be flying one and another through the gloominess of the place in search of a brighter beyond.

Not a tempting retreat, one would think, nor likely to be sought except through compulsory motives. Yet a man had made his way into the wood far enough to be out of sight from the glades and cleared ground, but where he could command a far-reaching view of the Granville lands.

A tall figure wrapped in a long traveling cloak, and with a dark, soft felt hat, crushed low upon his brow. His face, thus shaded above and muffled below in the close collar of his cloak, presented an indistinct view of features rather thin but perfectly mobile, and a pair of bright dark eyes that, ever and anon, with their shifting lights, were hard and black and glittering, or luminous, soft and tender as befitted the "windows of a gentle soul." Not a young man, yet one whose prime was not nearing the further extreme of middle age. His form was shrouded in the great cloak that seemed as much a disguise as a protector from inclement weather, but his attitude was one of ease, the posture of a man who has seen the world and mingled in its so-called best circles—careless and graceful, where a boor would have been all angles or uncouth curves.

He leaned against an immense oak trunk, his shoulders drooping forward, his face bent and eyes fixed upon the ground. For a half-hour he had not moved except to cast quick glances over the landscape, and over the avenues of approach to the wood. He manifested no impatience, only a quiet watchfulness that was content to await an expected issue.

His face, at rest, with the eyes downcast, might have been that of a man plunged in the depths of an abstract study; with the eyes unvailed and their shifting lights followed and defined, he would seem to be plotting vengeance for a deep-felt wrong, yet the resolution there was mingled with a softer seeming which was surely not the triumph of contemplated revenge.

Least of all did he look a lover at his tryst awaiting the coming of his heart's chosen one. Still, this was the truth of his presence there.

By and by he discovered a moving object on the bare, dark road. He watched it with no perceptible change of countenance, with no eagerness of motion, or apparent quickening of heart or pulse; with scarcely a change from his attitude of simple waiting. It came swiftly on, straight to the spot where he stood.

A tiny, childish figure, also muffled in a large cloak, but the hood had fallen back, revealing plainly the bright, piquant face. A fresh, young face it was, with clear olive skin, with cheeks and lips flushed a vivid crimson from the brisk walk through the cold air; eyes large and dusky brown; hair soft and glossy black, close-cut and blown now in tiny rings all over the shapely little head. The girl, scarcely more than a child, bounded forward with both hands outstretched to meet him.

"Am I late, Gerald? I came as soon as I could slip away unseen. Are you tired waiting?"

"No, little one!" He had both her hands in one of his, and with the other smoothed the tangled rings back from her forehead and drew her hood forward again, all the while smiling down at her. "I hardly expected you yet, and I did not tire waiting, for I knew you would not fail me. Have you repented, Justine?"

"How could I when you assure me it is for the best!"

"As it is—as it must be. But, do you realize the unlimited faith you must place in me? Can you believe in me still should the time ever come when my vows to you would seem to be neglected or forgotten? If so, remember it would only be in seeming; it never could be so in truth. Could you be true to me through long absence, through much persecution?"

A petulant shade chased across her face.

"If I didn't believe in you and trust in you would I be here now, Gerald? A trustworthy mentor, if you can't accord what you exact! I have let you guide me I know; but I've a will of my own when it is aroused, and it is strong enough to keep me always faithful to you. But, you can retract if you like," she added, saucily. Evidently she had little fear of his doing so.

A far-off look had come into his eyes, and if he heard her words, he did not heed them.

"How old are you, Justine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Just sixteen!"

"And you think you are strong, having never been tried. We never lose our self-confidence till it is wrested from us, though. I hope I may be able to shield you from all bitter tests, child."

She looked up at him earnestly, with a half-disappointed expression on her face. He saw it, and asked:

"What is troubling your thoughts now, Justine?"

"You speak as though you might be my father, and I a careless child, instead of—of—"

"Instead of our relative positions of husband and wife which we shall so soon sustain. You forget that I have outlived the age of romance, dear, but I will be just as tender if less impulsive. You must admit the weight of my superior years and of the experience they have brought."

"Ah, but I'm not overawed by that accumulation of wisdom," she retorted. She added, more gravely: "Do you know, Gerald, I love you all the better for being many years older than myself? There is less fear of ever losing your love by being the first to fade, and I hope to grow more deserving through the improvement I shall strive to make in the years to come."

"Little Justine, I will always be true and tender to you," he said, stroking her hand with caressing motion.

It was noticeable that he had lavished no expressions of lover's fondness upon her; no touch of the lips, no close embrace, not even a stronger pressure of her little hands than his firm clasp would have accorded under most ordinary circumstances. One of those rare gleams of sunshine broke its way through the clouds and fell, a path of tremulous light, to their very feet. It was followed by a sudden strong blast of wind which whirled up the fallen leaves in a thick shower. When these had settled somewhat again, all the sunlight had faded out, and only dull gray shadows lay upon the earth.

The man drew Justine's hand within his arm, and turned into a path which led away through the wood.

"Time will not wait for us," said he. "You are quite prepared, Justine?"

"Yes, if you wish."

It was a long walk, and for the most part a silent one. The path through the wood was shrouded in dense shadow. Though leafless, the branches above them were thick and tangled, and the spaces between the great tree-trunks were filled with a younger growth that in places made the forest almost impenetrable.

After a time they emerged upon a stretch of undulating country, divided into thriving farms and dotted thickly with substantial homesteads. At a little distance from the roadside was a large, bare, weather-beaten house, looking desolate, with neither tree nor shrub in the square inclosure which surrounded it. A high plank wall, spiked at the top, imparted a prison-like aspect to the place. Bleak and uninviting, it was the parsonage where a single minister had held sway for a couple score of years. He was classed with the superannuated now, and a younger man had been procured to fill the regular appointment, and for him a newer and more commodious domicil had been fitted up; while the aged one was permitted to retain the uncomfortable house which had so long been his home, and to take part in the lighter duties pertaining to the position.

Justine looked up in surprise as her companion paused before the gateway.

"I thought you might like best to have Mr. Avomere unite us," he explained. "I have already seen him and explained my reasons for our clandestine marriage to his entire satisfaction. He is expecting us."

"How good of you!" cried Justine, warmly. "I was wishing this, but would not suggest it, knowing the new clergyman to be a stranger to you, and supposing you would prefer him on that account. Mr. Avomere married my mother and christened me."

"I know," he answered, briefly. His face was turned from her as he stooped over the fastenings of the gateway, but she fancied that his voice had a husky sound. Perhaps it was only the wind tearing past that made his utterance so indistinct, for his features were perfectly undisturbed when she saw them a moment later.

She shivered with cold, and hurried within shelter of the wall. A great black bird flapped up from a nook somewhere near, circling over their heads with a hoarse croak, and then flew heavily away toward the wood. Justine uttered a startled cry.

"No wonder it frightened you," he said, soothingly. "It was hiding doubtless in the long grass."

"It seemed a very bird of ill omen," she returned, trying to laugh, though she was pale and trembling from her fright. "But I will not accept it as such."

"My brave little woman!" he ejaculated, with more warmth than he had hitherto spoken, and his eyes, soft and dark, shining down upon her, brought the blood leaping hotly into her cheeks again, and dissipated her momentary thrill of terror.

A wide graveled walk led up to the door, bordered on either side by stretches of long dried grass and stalks of rank weeds which spoke of total neglect during all the summer months. Mr. Avomere was one who had devoted his whole life to the welfare of others, and his self-abnegation was marked by that disregard of temporal comfort which so often characterizes the follower of a religious object. His good works had not been done in vain, for now, in his lonely old age, the whole country-side united in according him the loving respect his humble devotedness so worthily inspired. To know that his sanction should be given her present step seemed to Justine sufficient proof that it could not be unwisely taken.

The door of the parsonage received them within, and opened again in another half-hour to admit of their departure. And in that brief space, Gerald Fonteney and Justine Clare had been made man and wife.

They returned as they had come, by the lonely woodpath, and paused in the spot where they had met. Justine's face had grown sad and her eyes were tearful as he bent over her.

"Can you so dread our parting, little one?" he asked, very gently. "Be brave my wife!"

The tender name, dropping for the first time from his lips, quite unnerved her. She buried her face in her hands with a burst of passionate tears.

"Oh, Gerald! Gerald! It is harder than I can bear. Why may I not be with you, now that I am yours?"

His face was sadly troubled. He took her little quivering form in his arms and held her to him in a close, fervent embrace. A yearning and a doubt had crept together into his heart, but he soothed her with the gentleness that a mother would bestow upon a grieved child. She grew quiet soon, and let him persuade her to acknowledge the wisdom of his course, which she was content to do, understanding nothing except that his will made it so.

He put her from him at last, and detach-

ing a ring from his watch-guard, placed it upon her finger. It was set with an opal, surrounded with pearls.

"It is a family ring," he said, "and there is a legend attaching to it which foretells a fatality should the wearer voluntarily part with or lose it. It is only a silly tale, but I should like to think that you will always wear it for my sake."

"For your sake I will guard it, if need be, with my life."

Her earnestness called a smile to his face.

"I must have a return for it," he continued. "You must give me a ring for a ring, Justine."

She glanced down at her slender dark hands, unjeweled except for the circlet he had placed there. But, with a quick movement, he pushed the hood back from her face, and with his penknife severed a lock of her glossy hair.

"If I die, it shall be sent back to you—the emblem of your freedom. If you are ever in peril, or in any manner needing help, and receive the half of this precious ring, be assured that I am near to aid you."

He took her in his arms again and strained her to him, kissing her once upon her quivering mouth. Then he released her and strode away, keeping within the shadow of the wood, but never once glancing back.

And Justine, the child-wife, carried a heart full of mingled joy and grief back to The Terrace—the name which the Granville homestead bore—which from her infancy had afforded her a home.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROPHECY.

A YEAR has passed. Since that bleak November day that saw her secretly wedded, Justine has never seen her husband. She has never received a word from him or a token that he holds her still in remembrance.

There are times when that chapter in her life seems no more than the impression of a vivid dream. When she recalls the aspect of the sober wood, of the flying leaves, the bursts of sunshine through the gray chill of the day, the two muffled figures just within the forest verge—all seeming the points limned in a picture, rather than the recollections of a past reality.

She knew that, for reasons he had vaguely hinted at—not explained—he did not intend claiming her as his wife until she had reached her eighteenth birthday. But she had not expected this total cessation of all intercourse between them. She had looked for frequent loving messages, for sweet, stolen interviews during the interval which must elapse.

But never once even to her own heart had she questioned the propriety of his course. Never once had a doubt of him crept into her mind; never a regret for the step which had bound her to a man of whose past she knew little, and that little of his own telling; whose motive was a sealed book in her sight.

Could there be a more perfect trust than hers?

Justine stood by the window of her own room, gazing out through the great square panes. There was no raw chill in the atmosphere now, no somber curtain of clouds hung athwart the sky. A broad flood of sunshine mellowed the whole landscape; the air was keen and bracing, but no fitful gusts swept riotously over field and wood.

She was dressed in a riding-habit of sable cloth; her plumed hat and fur-tipped gloves lay upon the table near at hand, and she was tapping idly against the plate-glass of the window with a tiny silver-mounted whip.

Her thoughts had gone back a twelvemonth to that November day, and the scene it had recorded.

"It is my marriage anniversary," she said to herself. "A wife for a year, and since the hour which made me such I have not once seen my husband.

"How strange and unreal it seems! What drew him toward me, I wonder?—he so wise and grand and noble—I such a mere child, so full of willful whims, always changing and never steadfast except in my love for him. Why did he seek and marry me?

"Not from any mercenary motive, for, to the kindness of my guardian I owe my home, while the scanty pittance he has held in trust for me has barely sufficed to provide my clothing. My liege prince! I would not impute such a motive to him were every dollar of my pitiful portion magnified to a million. Not for my intellectual attainments, for—woe is me!—I've been the hopeless grief of every tutor's heart that has ever striven to sweep the cobwebs from my brain with the broom of imparted knowledge. Not for personal attractions, for he has seen beautiful women of all nations. And yet I feel that it is not my own wayward self alone that made him seek me.

"What a wild freak my marriage would seem in the eyes of the world! How the knowledge of it would break upon my guardian's dignity—how it would shock Sylvie's conventional saintliness! But, oh, how I exult in it! How I delight to know that I belong to *him*—him only for all time! Another year, and then—"

And then he would claim her. No doubt of that, for was not his word given?

A tap at the door broke her reverie. It was followed by the entrance of a fair girl, older than Justine by perhaps three or four years. This was Sylvie Granville, the one child of Austin Granville, who was Justine's guardian.

She was also equipped for riding. Her habit was of dark-blue cloth, the deep blue of her velvet cap broken by a sweeping snowy plume. You would know her at a glance as a sweet, gentle creature, one of the kind we are apt to feel rude winds should not blow upon, and deathly cares should pass by untouched.

"Ready, Justine?" she asked. "Mace has the horses at the door."

"Ready, *ma belle*, twenty minutes ago. You never knew it take me half that time to dress, did you?"

Justine tipped her jaunty little hat into place upon her head, and caught up her gloves, thrusting her hands into them as they left the chamber.

"You are like the birds, I think," said Sylvie, laughingly. "You only need to shake your feathers, and your toilet is complete."

"At all events no one else can shake them to my satisfaction. No ladies' maids to blunder refractory buttons and hooks for me."

They stood upon the steps while the groom led forward the horses which awaited them. Once mounted and out upon the highway, the keen, fresh air, and swift, easy pace of the mettled animals they rode, brought out the gayest spirits of the two girls. The groom, following at a jog-trot, watched the poise of the two figures with an approving eye.

"Miss Sylvie sits easy, no mistake," soliloquized he. "But, Miss Justine, she's a regular stunner, firm as though she were born in the saddle, as they allers say of the equiestri*ennes* what go along of the circus troupes. Lord o' mercy! what's she doing now?"

The thoroughfare they were traversing was a broad, smooth way, bordered on each side by cultivated lands. A brief space ahead a rugged lane opened from the highway, leading down a shelving ravine, and losing itself in the shadow of the wood, which formed such a noticeable feature of the country section. It was once generally traversed, but had long since fallen into disuse, and was now fenced from the public road, and was obstructed in many places by fallen *debris*, while the quality of the ground was insecure and laborious.

With a thoughtlessness that characterized many of her acts, Justine struck her horse a sharp cut, and, darting forward, took the rough bars at the entrance of the lane in a flying leap. Half-rising in the saddle, she wheeled about and waved her hand to Sylvie in triumph over the success of the feat, but, instead of returning, dashed away down the side of the ravine.

Mace put spurs to his horse and hurried forward to Sylvie's side. She was startled, and a little anxious on Justine's account, and decided to follow the mischievous minx over the rough way she had chosen.

"It's a providence if we don't find her with a broken neck," grumbled Mace, forgetting his faith in her horsemanship now that it promised to bring extra duty upon him.

He dismounted and lowered the bars. Then resuming his seat, he grasped the bridle of Sylvie's horse, and carefully picked their way over the shelving course. Following it for, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, they came suddenly upon the horse Justine had ridden, standing quietly by the wayside, the saddle turned, and the rider nowhere to be seen.

Sylvie screamed, and turned pale with terror.

A clear young voice calling to her from a little distance reassured her.

"There's no harm done, Sylvie, dear. Wait a minute, and I will be with you."

With her fears allayed, Sylvie looked about her, wondering where the owner of the voice had betaken herself. Laughing merrily, Justine swung herself from the forks of a low, spreading birch tree, which stood apart from the wood, and dropped lightly to the ground.

"Lady Bess broke the girth and gave me a tumble," she explained, coming leisurely forward, with the long skirt of her habit gathered over her arm. I think my catty propensities saved me, for I lit upon my feet without a scratch. I just turned her loose to graze and started on a journey of discovery."

"You thoughtless child," chided Sylvie. "Will you never follow the dictates of ordinary caution?"

"Yes, dear heart! when I come after you," retorted Justine. "But, first, let us go together to prove that my discovery is no myth."

"To the top of the birch tree after an owl's nest?"

"Truly, you are fitted to be nearer heaven than earth, but I don't ask you to ascend by such a toilsome way. No, *ma belle;* my discovery doesn't embrace an owl's nest, though for aught I have discerned it may prove to be a mare's nest. Here, Mace, put Lady Bess into serviceable trim again, and take both horses by the nearest route back to the road again, where you may wait for us. There's a footpath somewhere hereabouts that leads more directly and less precipitously back through the wood."

Sylvie had dismounted, and, as Mace took charge of the animals, she turned, inquiringly, to Justine.

"What notion have you weighted in your brain now, naughty child? Isn't it enough to have brought me this rough chase in pursuit of you without dragging me bodily through forest fastnesses? Am I to enact the tragedy of the innocent lamb impaled in the thornbush?"

"I may be prickly enough sometimes, but I don't want your fleece, my saint of the golden locks. After all, my expectations are based on smoke."

She pointed with her whip to a blue haze curling about some tree-tops in the valley which lay beneath them.

"To my knowledge there's no habitation within a mile of this, and I'm anxious to ascertain the explanation of that phenomenon. I climbed the birch tree in hope of being able to see below, but it's gloomy enough down there to conceal the smokestack of the Inferno."

They were already threading their way in the direction she had pointed out. The descent here was steep and rocky, and Justine's flow of animal spirits was checked for the time by her zeal in choosing the smoothest course for her companion's steps.

A clump of scrubby brush intervened between them and the spot about which the smoke lingered. Penetrating this, they came upon a rude hut, built up of notched logs, and thatched over by long strips of bark peeled from the large trees at some distance within the wood. The little domicil presented the appearance of a hasty construction intended only for temporary use.

Before the doorway a slight depression had been scooped into the earth, where some green sticks nourished a smoldering fire. A couple of crotched sticks, with a tough, slender pole crossing them, upheld a few links of a rusted chain, from which an iron pot dangled over the smoky coals. A bent old woman, with a shriveled, yellow face and masses of matted iron-gray hair hanging upon her neck, was stirring the steaming contents of the pot, and her cracked voice reached them crooning some ditty of bygone favoritism.

They paused in their approach to wonderingly survey the scene, for this section was included in the Granville domain, kept sacred from the intrusion of tramps and vagabonds.

"One of Macbeth's witches, by all the powers of description and memory," ejaculated Justine.

"Double, double,
Toil and trouble;
Fire burn
And cauldron bubble."

"Listen for the invocation, Sylvie."

"Let us go away," whispered Sylvie. "Papa would not like us to hold communication with a straggler, even though it be a woman."

"He wouldn't fancy her straggling here, if I know any thing of his likes; so I hold it to be our duty to give her a timely warning.

"So, ho! Look here, my good woman, I'm afraid you've dropped on the wrong ground for settlement. Mr. Granville is rather particular about his tenants, and mightn't agree to such an unceremonious method of proving occupancy. It wouldn't be using slang to call your habitation breezy, would it?"

"Oh, Justine," began Sylvie, imploringly.

But Justine had marched her straight forward to the enemy's front. That the old woman was inclined to prove belligerent was manifested in her resentful looks.

"No offense meant, I assure you, ma'am," continued Justine, dropping her a profound courtesy. "Perhaps my friendly hint is out of time, but I thought you mightn't always have your broomstick near."

The old woman regarded her with a malignant eye.

"Justine, dear!" cried Sylvie, in despair, laying a restraining hand upon her companion's arm. Turning to the crone, she addressed her kindly:

"I hope no one will disturb you here, and I'm sure you've done no harm. I'll ask papa to let you remain so long as you wish."

"And no thanks to ye, if ye be child to Austin Granville," interrupted the woman, harshly. "It's no grant I ask of ye or of him."

"There! I'll wager she *has* her broomstick, Sylvie, and is accustomed to taking a rest where she pleases. Do you contemplate an aerial voyage before long, ma'am? It would afford me most infinite pleasure to witness the beginning of such an excursion."

The old woman looked sternly at the speaker, but Justine's piquant young face and mischievous eyes seemed to disarm her anger. Her manner changed, and she advanced a step or two.

"Would ye seek to know the future, young leddies?

"There's a silver key to the golden gate
Of the star that rules the Granville fate."

"A fortune-teller! Oh, splendid!" cried Justine, clapping her hands. "I dare say the same key will unlock my fate, though I'm not a Granville."

Something like a gratified flash passed over the woman's face. She held out her hand for the small coin Justine tossed toward her, and then pored over the little outstretched palm.

"The fates in store,
Guide good all o'er,"

she chanted, in her croaking voice. "But it's no good—no good! There's a short line with only little checks, and then there's a cross, and that's a lover. There's a break in the back, and there's shadow before, and there's sunlight at the end where it's smooth again. But there's trouble—trouble; and the trouble's a lover that's coming to woo."

"A lover, of course. What girl's fate would be complete without one?" laughed Justine. "But tell me what this one is like—dark, and tall, and princely?"

"No; fair. A tall man, and fair; oh, a bonny lover, ha! ha! But he's lost in the shadow, and there's another—"

"Dark?" queried Justine, eagerly.

"Yes, dark. Tall, and dark, and not young. And there's trouble there, 'twixt dark and fair."

"And the dark wins?"

"Ay and no. He's not for ye, and neither is the fair. It's a tangle, a snarl, and the end's not there."

"No thanks to you, then, Madam Witch. Two lovers and no sequel; oh, that is execrable! Come, Sylvie; it's your turn now, and may you meet with a better fate."

But Sylvie held back, with a quiet protest.

"Ye carry yer fate in yer face!" cried the woman. "It's a pretty face, a sweet face, all pink and white, and there's the blue of the sky in yer eyes. But there's tears there, too—tears to be shed, that'll wash out the lilies and the roses. Ay, it's a bonny face, but it's a bitter fate—bitter as gall. Ha! ha! It's a Granville fate, so I'll not mourn it ye."

She turned away from them abruptly, and darted into the little hut.

The two girls looked at each other, and Sylvie shivered; but there was a lingering, tender smile on Justine's lips. She had all faith in the prowess of the dark lover predicted for her.

CHAPTER III.

A VISITOR AT THE TERRACE.

THE Terrace was situated in the center of very extensive grounds. The drive wound through these in a roundabout way, while the space directly in front of the mansion was occupied by terraces, where a hundred marble steps, four and four, led down to the gently-sloping lawn, on either side of which open flower-gardens, and carefully-tended shrubbery deepened into the wilder aspect of park-land.

The first object which presented itself to Justine's sight, as they checked their horses' pace to a sober walk while they followed the ascent of the drive on their return, was her guardian standing upon one of the upper terraces, conversing with a gentleman whose back was for the moment turned toward them.

It was a very good-looking back. It was incased in faultless broadcloth, surmounted by a strip of snowy collar and a head of fair hair on which rested a glossy silk hat of latest style. A curve in the drive brought into view long blonde side-whiskers, and the outline of a fair, handsome face.

He carried a slender ratan, and a small valise of black morocco resting on a step near them indicated that he had just arrived and had not yet been ushered within doors, as well as the fact that this was no mere caller.

Both gentlemen advanced as the two young girls rode up. Mr. Granville carefully lifted his daughter from the saddle, and then turned to render the same assistance to Justine; but the latter had flung the reins loosely on the horse's neck, and sprung nimbly to the ground.

Then the ceremony of introduction followed.

"My daughter Sylvie, Mr. Percy Lambert. You will scarcely remember our guest, Sylvie, though we had him here once, many years ago, with his father, who was one of my best friends. My ward, Miss Clare, Mr. Lambert."

Mr. Lambert, who had been absently pulling the curled mustache which matched the long side-whiskers, bowed profoundly to both girls. His admiring glance turned from Sylvie to rest with keener scrutiny on Justine's tiny figure, and bright, mischievous face. Perhaps he was noting a mental comparison between them, so different, and each inimitable in her own peculiar style.

They lingered a few moments indulging in the airy small-talk to which the earlier stages of acquaintance have universal recourse. Then they went in all together. Mr. Granville carried the guest away to the drawing-rooms, and the two girls went arm in arm up the wide staircase.

"It is certainly your fair knight, Justine," Sylvie declared. "Let me wish you greater joy with him than that forlorn old woman predicted."

"Then all her witcheries were thrown away if you deny her the prestige of being really a witch. It's very kind of you, I'm sure, to throw your good wishes into the balance against her ill-omened predictions. If my witch cast an evil eye upon me, I know of no kind fairy who could better insure a revulsion of the sentence; but, fair one, who knows that you are not eventually to carry off the knight? I've no permanent deed of him, remember; if I had, I'd give you a lease of him for life. Do you think I didn't observe that glance of ardent admiration he bestowed upon you? or the fervent pressure of your lily-white hand? or the rosy blushes they called up into your cheeks? Were these effected by mere recollections of 'auld acquaintance,' dear? If so, most potent are the influences of the past."

"I remember him perfectly," returned Sylvie. "I was a little child in pinafores, and I think he rejoiced in the dignity of his first jacket. At any rate, I recollect that article of his wearing apparel was decorated with a great number of gilt buttons which were always getting tangled in my curls; and once, when the tangle ended in a snarl, he was obliged to cut off a portion of my hair with his bran-new penknife."

Justine clapped her little hands, laughing merrily.

"Oh, what a sacrifice was there, my countrymen! Of course he treasures that golden lock as one of the priceless souvenirs of boyhood's adoration. It's a clear case of predestination, established in that long time ago, and to end now with the orthodox finale of every satisfactory romance."

"Silly child!" laughed Sylvie, though the flush deepened in her delicate cheeks. "What nonsense we are talking, to be sure."

"Ah, but it is no nonsense. The signs of the times—love signs in this case—point out designs—upon your heart and hand, *ma chere*. Can't I read the indications? Why, I'm harmless as a serpent and wise as a dove, when my eyes light upon symptoms of love. Now, *my* eyes detected what *his* eyes betrayed. He looked upon you with all the admiration which could be concentrated in a well-bred stare. He gave me the benefit of his speaking orbs, too, for the space of a full minute and half, but it was only in view of the situation and desire to measure my particular status, mental, moral and physical. I think he decided that I may prove an auxiliary of some value, for there was an inflex of commendation in the tone of his greeting. Do we part? Then fare thee well; for a time farewell. We shall meet again—at which time I venture to advise you to wear blue silk and swan's down, as a costume calculated to render you most charming and wholly irresistible."

With their clear tones mingling in laughter over Justine's raillery, they betook themselves to their separate chambers.

The dinner hour was six in these days at The Terrace. In summer time it was an hour later, and the inmates of the house maintained the independent habit of lunching separately or together, just as the fancy should chance to take them, at any time during the afternoon.

Thus it happened that Mr. Granville and his young guest partook of cold fowl, sliced white bread, syllabub and light wine, in single tete-a-tete. Afterward they strode out about the grounds, enjoying their cigars, and interchanging casual remarks after the fashion men have of talking or keeping silence, as they may be disposed. Women, on the contrary, when together, appear to deem it essential that the uninterrupted flow of conversation should be maintained. This may account for the vast amount of nonsense credited to their utterance, though the ready wit and quick tongue that usually distinguish the feminine speech, can not fail to drop many a true grain amid the chaff of words.

The two men found themselves back in the drawing-rooms a full hour before the regular dinner-time. Neither Sylvie nor Justine had yet made their appearance. The clear, bright day was fading into the chill gray of a November evening. The light lingering clearly yet upon the landscape, was leaving the house, filled with shadowy spaces, with here and there the glow of an open fire flickering out.

A servant brought lights into the room, and drew the heavy, ruddy curtains close over the windows of plate-glass and French paneling. Every thing at The Terrace bespoke the immense wealth and lavish expenditure of its owner.

Percy Lambert, with his back to the fire and one elbow resting on the marble mantelpiece, was letting his gaze drop carelessly from point to point of the elegantly-furnished rooms.

Mr. Granville, in a great wheeled chair of ruby velvet, momentarily inattentive, was indulging in abstracted thought. He was wondering what object or whim had brought Percy Lambert to The Terrace, though by far too politic and hospitable to let the fact be known.

A note arriving by the morning's post had announced his coming, and its wording hinted at some unexplained purpose behind the mere action.

Lambert's glance falling upon his host seemed to penetrate to the latter's thoughts.

"Have we time for a few words upon a business affair?" he asked.

"Almost an hour before we need fear interruption," returned Mr. Granville. "But, my dear fellow, don't think of introducing business topics on your first day here. There's plenty of time, as I shall not permit you to rush away again in the same precipitate manner you lit down upon me."

"Oh, time is not gold-dust in my hands; therefore I can promise you plenty of it," laughed Lambert. He stroked his abundant side-whiskers, and turning slightly, gazed with an absent air down into the bed of glowing coals within the grate. After a moment he resumed his former position.

"You reverted to my former visit here, when I was quite a child," he said. "I presume you remember the circumstances attending that occasion, and the apparently small service my father was enabled to render you."

"My memory would be hopelessly impaired could I forget it," returned Mr. Granville, a vein of sadness in his tone. "The service to which you refer is still gratefully remembered by me. It spared me the necessity of making public a painful fact."

"For a thoroughly clear understanding of my present visit here, permit me to recall the circumstances as then presented. If I err in any particular you can correct my mistake. It is now, I believe, just fifteen years since I accompanied my father here."

Mr. Granville bowed assent, and turned an attentive face toward the speaker. He was apparently at a loss to know where the drift of the other's words tended.

"My father came in response to an urgent message from yourself. My mother had but recently died, and this bereavement had been closely followed by the deaths of my two brothers, both older than myself. I was a boy of ten and the only remaining child. Bowed down by his heavy affliction, my father cherished me as the sole joy of his life, and could scarcely endure to be parted from me, for even a few hours at a time. This explains the fact of my accompanying him on his journey here.

"My father and you were old friends, though for several years previous to that time but a nominal intercourse had been maintained. He was a lawyer and strictly devoted to his profession. You had led a wandering life until reclaimed from it by your succession to the Granville domain.

"You were the only Granville of your generation, but you had been reared from your cradle with one whom you were taught to regard as a brother. This was Arthur Clare, who, with his inheritance, had been consigned to your father's keeping.

"He was a delicate, gentle lad, and from his early manhood a confirmed invalid. It was the opinion of learned physicians that he would never recover perfect health.

"Fifteen years ago Arthur Clare lay beneath this roof, apparently slowly dying. It was given out that he was the victim of a gradual decline. To my father you confided the addenda to that report. You said that long illness combined with his grief over his wife's death, occurring some months previous, had ended in impairing his mind. You declared that he was melancholy mad. It seemed unnecessary to make the fact public as he had always lived secluded from the world, and his close connection with your family would bring your name into the reports regarding him.

"But one phase of his insanity caused you trouble. As he believed himself approaching death, he determined to make a will. He represented himself as the possessor of immense wealth in lands and ready money, which he had never reclaimed from your father's guardianship, and declared that he had the documents to prove his rightful ownership.

"*You* said that this was a fallacy, but considering his state of health, regarded it judicious to indulge him in it. You requested my father to draw up the will as Clare should dictate. It was done, and according to the document his daughter, Justine, was left heiress to three-quarters of a million. You assured my father that her actual portion was three thousand dollars, on which you proposed to pay her ten per cent. interest until she reached her eighteenth birthday, when you would relinquish the capital into her hands. Am I correct?"

"Thus far—yes."

"My father was induced to remain here for a week. During that time Arthur Clare had considerably rallied. Hopes were entertained of his restoration to his former invalid state could change of climate be attained by him. You began preparations for accompanying him abroad.

"One day I chanced to be left in the room alone with him. This was an oversight, for you were very strict in enforcing the attendance of his nurse, as rigidly excluding all others from his presence except when you also were with him. I was left with him, as I have said. He was very weak, and worn to a shadow from long prostration. He called me to him with a kind of eager, tremulous excitement, which frightened me at first. But I was naturally intrepid, and I believe intelligent beyond my years.

"'I know what they say of me,' he began, in a hasty, whispering tone, as though he feared both interruption and eavesdroppers. 'You must not believe them, my boy. You will do something for me, will you not, and tell no one—not even your father?'

"I promised, and he gave into my hands a flat black leather book, an ordinary pocket-book. He showed me that its receptacles contained written papers.

"'There is only one man I can trust,' said he, 'and he is my enemy, but he will serve me faithfully in this for my little Justine's sake. I want you to find him and give him this for me, and Heaven will reward you, my lad, as I can not.'

"He gave me some gold coins which he had in the room, and the written address of the man to whom I should deliver the book.

"My father retained the will he had drawn up in his possession. You would have destroyed it, declaring that it was worth no more than so much blank paper, but his professional scruples would not permit the document which had been duly placed in his charge to come to harm. On his return he filed it away with other papers of its kind.

"You went abroad with Arthur Clare, but returned after a brief space, bringing the tidings of his death upon the outward voyage.

"I went to the address he had given, for the purpose of consigning the book as he had charged me. But the man I sought had left the place, and, child that I was, I had no means of following him up. I believed my promise binding still, and kept my secret most implicitly. The book I hid away, hoping some day to find the man who should possess it.

"Years passed, and the circumstance faded entirely from my mind, until a few weeks ago I stumbled across the old pocket-book among other souvenirs of my boyhood. Less conscientious than of old, and hopeless now of accomplishing its delivery to the proper person, I set myself to examine its contents. There were several papers, but only two important ones. Have you any curiosity to learn their nature?"

Mr. Granville was listening with unchanged features.

"What?" he asked, simply.

"A certificate bearing the signatures of two eminent physicians, *testifying to the perfect sanity of Arthur Clare;* and a letter addressed to Gerald Fonteney, revealing the hiding-place of the title-deeds and other documents which *proved the legitimacy* of his

claim to the wealth represented in the bequests of his will.

"Gerald Fonteney was the man he bade me seek."

(To be continued.)

Tracked to Death:

OR,

THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCHE," "SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XCIII.

THE PIRATES IN PERIL.

On the far-off frontier of Texas, still unsettled by civilized man, no chanticleer gives note of the dawn. Instead, the *meleagris* salutes the sunrise with a cry equally stridulent; and, if not so melodious, quite as homelike. For the "gobbling" of the wild turkey-cock is scarcely distinguishable from that of his tame brother of the farmyard.

A "gang" of these great birds, that had roosted in the pecan-grove near the spot where the prairie pirates were encamped, seeing the daylight approach, flew up to the tops of the trees; the males, as is their wont in the spring season of the year, sending forth their sonorous challenge.

It awoke the robbers from the slumber that had succeeded their drunken debauch—their chief first of any.

Despite the confusion of a brain filled with the fumes of alcohol, Borlasse had a conception that things were not right. He showed this by starting to his feet, and calling first for Fernand; then quickly after inquiring for the mulatto.

The interrogatory, uttered in a loud, earnest voice, rung through the tents. It was heard by all, though no one made answer to it. They only repeated it in like earnest tones.

Then simultaneously arose the shout, "Gone!" accompanied by a volley of curses. As yet it was but guessing. No one was sure that the mestizo was not there, or that the mulatto was missing. It was known that the two half-breeds shared a little tent standing apart. Both might be inside it, asleep. A rush toward it; a man stooping down and looking into it; then an exclamation that drew the others around, with words following to explain it.

The mestizo was indeed inside the tent, lying along its floor; not asleep, but dead; with blood—his own blood—in streams, in pools, half liquid, half coagulated, around him!

The mulatto was not there. The only sign of his having been there was the gory corpse under their eyes. That was enough. Only the other half-blood could have left these traces behind.

"Where was he?"

This was the unanimous inquiry.

A voice answered, saying:

"He's gone off; an's taken the dog along! Likely, too, one of the horses."

There was a rush toward the corral, where the animals were kept. On nearing it, they saw that the inclosure was empty. Not a horse inside; not even the mule, which the mulatto had been riding when made prisoner. But this was nothing to surprise them. They expected it.

On reaching the entrance they perceived that the bars had been let down and their horses had got out.

They were, no doubt, near at hand.

Any anxiety on this score was soon set at rest. The animals were found tranquilly browsing on a bit of meadow grass that skirted the creek. They were all there, the mule among them, seemingly as much at home as any.

One only was missing—that which had belonged to him they had left to the wolves and vultures. It was a splendid charger, to which their chief had taken a fancy, and appropriated. To him the loss of the horse was nothing compared with the escape of the prisoner. With a subtle cunning that stood stead for strategy, he at once perceived the danger thus drawn upon him and his band. The mulatto had been witness to their transformation from Indians to white men. He would find his way to the settlement and communicate with the plundered colonists. He would be certain to do this—certain, also, to guide them to the rendezvous, the way to it being now known to him. Moreover, he might be in time to rescue Clancy from the living tomb to which he, Borlasse, too confident of security, had consigned him.

The chief of the outlawed crew cared not so much for this. He was more troubled by the non-appearance of Quantrell and the captive girls. His foiled spite against Clancy he could endure. More unendurable was the thought of that other passion left ungratified. She with the glowing cheeks and golden tresses was not yet in his arms, as he had fondly, surely expected. It now looked as if she never would be.

While reflecting on his mischances, the brutal ruffian gave out what he intended for a sigh. It came from the bottom of his brawn chest, resembling the snort of a bear. For all this it expressed a passion so strong, so profoundly felt, that he would have risked every thing—the plunder late acquired, even life itself—to satisfy it.

He proposed going back in search of Quantrell and the captives, over the upper plain; if need be, on to the river crossing. A proposition to which his fellow-freebooters at first would not listen. Every one of them was now apprehensive of danger. They knew that their place of concealment, so cunningly chosen, was no longer safe. It could not be abandoned a second too soon.

The unanimous voice was for at once striking tents, or rather forsaking them, and then retreating down the creek bottom to the Colorado.

To combat this course of action, Borlasse had to use all his authority as chief, with such rough eloquence as he could command.

"Boys," he said, "it'll be the same in the end. We'll get safe enough to the settlements, and have our spree out when we get there. There ain't no danger about our goin' across the upper plain. We needn't, if you say no, keep on as far as the San Saba. I reckon we'll meet Phil Quantrell somewhere before we get that far. If we don't, then let him look out for hisself. But we ought to remember that he's been with us and one o' us; and it ain't right to give him up without makin' a effort to find him. All I ask o' ye is to go back over the upper plain as far as the big tree. If we don't meet him by the time we get there, then we can strike for the Colorado without going any nearer the San Saba. Not far from the tree, as you all know, we planted a sapling in the ground. I'm curious to see if it's there still, and if it's growin'. Besides, I've got an idea that we'll find the nigger near it, whether it be livin' or dead. If we should, there'll be an opportunity to punish him for what he's done, and give the ghost of Fernand here some chance o' sleepin'. Any way, we must, if possible, prevent the mulatto from gettin' to the Mission, or it will make things ugly for us after. I reckon ye can all see that?"

They all could, and did. None of them cared any great deal as to what became of Phil Quantrell and his captives, and as little about the after-fate of Charles Clancy. They were equally indifferent about avenging the death of their comrade. They were even about to take departure without giving burial to his body!

But the words of Borlasse sounded differently in their ears when he spoke of their own safety. They all saw the danger of their escaped prisoner getting into communication with the colonists. He must, if possible, be recaptured.

Influenced by this idea, they no longer opposed the wishes of their leader; but gave consent to go by the upper plain.

A hurried breakfast, with a big drink to wash it down, was the prelude to their departure.

Then their horses were caught, bridled, saddled, and again laden with the silver; this no longer in barrels, but stowed away in saddle-bags, bullet-pouches, and pockets.

When all was ready they sprung into their saddles and rode off, just as day had dawned upon the valley.

The tents were left standing, in one of them the dead body of the half-blood still lying in its gore!

As they entered the gorge and commenced ascending toward the superior plain, the wild turkeys again gave out their sonorous note—now with no human ear to hear it.

CHAPTER XCIV.

TWENTY MILES APART.

At the same hour when Borlasse and his brigands, parting from the waters of the Colorado, reached the upper plain, another party of horsemen appeared upon the opposite edge, having ascended from the valley of the San Saba through the gorge already described.

The latter was composed of the pursuing colonists, led by Simeon Woodley, and jointly guided by him and the hunter Hawkins.

There were just twenty-nine in the troop. They had mustered in more force at the Mission; but it was not deemed prudent for all to go in pursuit, since there was still some uncertainty about the character of the freebooting band. They knew that Darke and another white man belonged to it; and Harkness' revelations pointed to its being a party of white robbers in Indian guise. But they might also be in league with real savages, and therefore it would not be safe to leave the settlement unprotected. For this reason twenty of the armed colonists, with Colonel Armstrong himself, stayed to guard it. The young planter Dupre, tearing himself from the side of his *fiancee*, was along with the party of pursuers. His creole blood was up, stirred by the treason of his late steward. Besides, his fifty thousand dollars were gone, and must be recovered.

Almost at the same instant of time the two troops struck the level of the high plateau—entering on opposite edges—and commenced moving across it; the brigands facing south, toward the San Saba, the colonists north, in the direction of the Colorado, both proceeding on the same longitudinal line.

There were twenty miles between them; and, from the slow progress made by the latter at starting, it would be a considerable time before they could meet, even supposing both to continue on without deflecting from their course.

For the colonists were delayed by not knowing the way they ought to take, and the necessity of finding it, by following the tracks of those they were in search of.

On the dry, parched turf this was difficult, and would have been impossible to the ordinary prairie traveler. But the experienced trackers, Woodley and Hawkins, were only puzzled, not baffled; and bit by bit, though slowly, they led the colonists along the trail that had been taken by the plunderers in retreat.

Only for a mile or so was this tardy progress made. Then it became changed to a quicker pace, to a canter; in fact, as fast as their horses could go.

It was Simeon Woodley who had thus quickened the advance. For he had seen that which told him there was no longer any need for tracking. It was a tree, that rose against the line of the horizon, standing solitary, afar off.

"Fellurs!" he said, "'tain't no use duckin' our necks any longer. By the straight line we've been follerin' this chile kin see whar the trail leads. Sure as a gun air made o' iron, yonner stick o' branched timmer air the beekun that's guided the skunks acrost the plain. Ef my rekkolekshun sarve me right, I've heern o' that finger-post afore. I guess I know the place it points to. Anyhow, le's strike straight tor'st it. Arter reachin' it we kin take our chances. Ef we don't thar see sign, there kin be no harm done. For sure they've goed on to the Cofaraydo, and it's thar we'll hev to look for 'em. The tree, bein' right in our way, won't take us any thing about. Tharfor', I say, le's drop this teedjus way o' travelin', an' make a leetle better time. Ef we don't, them barr'ls o' silver may never be see'd ag'in; an', what 'ud be wusser still, the durned skunks as hev carried 'em off may get cl'ar o' the punichment they desarve. Besides, boys, thar's somethin' else to be thought o'. Thar's a man's life in danger—one as air dear to some o' us. Ye all heerd what the old kurnel sayed afore we left him—*cost what it mout, Charley Clancy air to be saved!*"

As the backwoodsman, in his rough way, recalled the words spoken by Colonel Armstrong, they were hailed by a fresh burst of enthusiasm; they who heard them shouting in response that Clancy should be saved if living; and if dead, declaring they would go all over Texas to find and punish whoever had killed him, whether white men or Indians.

"All right, kumrades!" cried Woodley. "I see you're in airnest, an' thar won't be no sech word as fail. As to them we're arter, I reck'n they're no red-skins—ne'er a red-skin among 'em. But we'll soon see. So le's stop dawdlin', gi'e the prod to our critters, an' strike deerect for yonner tree!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 97.)

Without Mercy:

OR,

THREADS OF PURE GOLD.

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD," "LAURA'S PERIL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Harold Holcombe was not as happy, now that he had Madge Moulton in his power, as he had hoped to be. The fact is he only changed masters instead of gaining freedom, and he found Byron Skittles even more difficult to manage than the woman, hard as she had been at times, and erratic as she always was.

She was actuated by a poetic sentiment of revenge, Skittles by a practical desire of gain. The former could be baffled with promises of restitution; the latter was firm as adamant to every persuasion that had not money as its basis. He was insatiate in devouring large sums, and Harold, in the ten months that had passed from the night of Madge's capture, had paid him enough money to satisfy a half-dozen ordinary confederates; still he came back, demanding more, and larger sums, on each successive visit.

It is needless to say that Harold was thoroughly miserable. He could not sleep when Skittles was away, fearing the lawyer was at that very moment disclosing his secret to the police, and when the little attorney was at the hall he was sorely tempted to take his life, and thus, by the perpetration of a second crime, cover up the first. It is a terrible thing to have the shadow of fear resting upon one's soul like a hideous raven, ever ready to croak out the secret of one's life.

Harold Holcombe realized this to its fullest, as, toward the close of a bright September day, Byron Skittles ambled into his room at the hall, and said, with a bland smile:

"Just arrived from the city; left last night. How do you do?"

He extended his hand, and Harold touched it never so lightly, saying, as he did so: "Very well, I thank you."

"Glad of it," returned the lawyer, depositing his large hat on the center-table, and sinking into a seat. "Nothing like health, sir—nothing. Gold is—well, it's mere dross when compared to the priceless boon of good health and fine spirits. Beg pardon, sir, but have you such an article as a drop of good liquor about? I'm a little moved in my stomach, and I think a mouthful of brandy would help me amazingly."

Harold rung the bell at his elbow, and Toy appeared.

"Bring a bottle of Port for us," he ordered.

Toy bowed and was turning away, when Skittles leaped to his feet and grasped him by the lapel of his coat.

"Stop!" he cried; "I have no relish for Port; it's a devilish sweetish decoction that I don't take to. You have surely something better than Port. By heaven, I'd as soon drink slop Claret as your average Port. Excuse me! but you've Burgundy, or Madoc, or Sherry, have you not, my friend?"

Holcombe was thoroughly disgusted with the fellow, and would have given a good deal to be in a position where he could have ordered him out of his house, for, after all, Harold was a great stickler for the proprieties, and despised any thing and every thing that savored of ill-breeding. But he could not afford to quarrel with Skittles, and so he replied, with evident disgust: "Toy, bring the gentleman whatever he orders."

The attorney noticed the tone, and was about to resent it, but, on second thought, determined to let it pass. "Let it be Sherry, Toy—old Sherry, if you please," he said; "and, by-the-way, a cracker and—yes, you may as well add a slice of cheese. I'm hungry, for I slept during dinner, and got off before—"

"We don't serve lunch in the library," interrupted Toy, with a glance at the purple face of his master.

Skittles looked from one to the other an instant, and replied, in a quiet, significant way:

"Of course not, but this, my dear Toy, is an extraordinary occasion—eh, Holcombe?"

"Shall I fetch the cheese?" asked Toy, looking past the attorney at Harold, who now, worked up to a white heat, sat gnawing his nether lip, and working his hands nervously. "Yes! yes! Let him have a pound if he desires it."

The servant retired at once, and Skittles resumed his seat with the utmost deliberation. "You're out of humor to-day," he said.

"No; I'm out of patience," was the hot reply. "What do you *want* now?"

"Wine and cheese first; after that I'll talk to you about a little business speculation I'm going into."

The wine and cheese having been placed before Skittles, he tasted both before he said: "You can go now, Toy; much obliged for courtesy. If we want any thing else, we'll ring."

Toy went off, and the two men were alone. Not a word was spoken for at least two minutes—Harold gazing all the while at his visitor, while the latter munched his cheese and drank his wine with the utmost *sang froid*.

"Well!" exclaimed Harold, at last.

"Well!" echoed the little man, wiping his large mouth with a big bandana; "I left New Orleans to escape the yellow fever, and I intend going North in a day or two if I can effect a settlement with you."

"A settlement?" ejaculated Harold. "A settlement of what?"

"Of our business."

"What do you refer to?"

The little man put down the glass he had been drinking from, and said: "I refer to that *little* affair that occured so long ago that you can't remember it."

The old man shuddered.

"I want pay for my trouble in saving your life."

"Saving my life, man?" iterated Harold. "Do you know what you are talking about?"

I think I do. Just let your mind run back to a night not long ago when I made a bargain with you in Lafayette Square. If your memory is good, you will remember that I had a client who wanted to hang you very badly. I stepped in and saved you. That client is now confined in this house—a prisoner, sir!"

"You were an accomplice in her capture; the plan was yours, Mr. Skittles."

"Ay, so it was; and this demonstrates how valuable my plans have been to you. Now, I ain't going to be hard on you; all I want is enough to pay me for giving up my lucrative business—you see I can't practice in Louisiana with any degree of comfort since you mixed me up in this ugly game of yours—and I can't live on the wind; anyway, I don't want to try."

Harold saw that he had a difficult customer to manage, and he determined to make an amicable arrangement if possible.

"Suppose I bribe you to silence?"

"Bribe is an ugly name for it," remarked Skittles; "but we'll not quarrel about that. Go on."

"I say, should I pay you your price, will you take an oath never to return to Louisiana again?"

"A dozen oaths, if you wish."

"Good. Now how much do you ask?"

"*Twenty thousand dollars!*"

The mention of the amount made Harold leap out of his seat, and caused every drop of blood in his body to forsake its wonted channels and rush into his cheeks.

"Twenty thousand devils!" he exclaimed. "Do you take me for a fool?"

"No," replied Skittles, rising too. "I take you for a rich criminal. A man can't take his money to the grave with him, Mr. Holcombe, and if you are hung for Gertrude Moulton's murder, it won't much matter what becomes of the wealth you leave behind."

At the mention of Gertrude Moulton's name, Holcombe felt his courage rapidly desert him, and, sinking back, he said in a hoarse whisper:

"I've not got the money."

"But you've got plenty of real estate, both here and in England."

"But no available funds, I say."

"I've armed myself for such a contingency," answered Skittles. "Here is a mortgage on your property for the amount; all you have to do is to sign it. Not a hard matter. You see I'm always smoothing your path before you."

As he finished speaking he drew a long legal document from his pocket, and stretched it out on the table.

"But this would beggar me," said Harold. "I can't spare so much."

"I can't help that," was the answer; "I want the money; you can spare it better than your life, I judge—at least, I could, if it were mine."

A thought flashed upon Harold; a thought that came to him in his extremity like a ray of hope, and he said:

"I guess I'll have to submit to your demands. As you say, I can better spare my money than my life, and really I can get along without this—that is, with the exercise of a little economy. Hand me the paper."

Byron Skittles was surprised at the sudden change from bellegerency to compliance, and, wondering at it, he passed the paper to Harold.

"I'm glad you exhibit such a thorough appreciation of the situation, my dear Holcombe. Here is the pen and the ink. Allow me to mend the quill."

"Thank you; this will do," replied Harold, signing the document and passing it to Skittles. "There; is that satisfactory?"

"Entirely so," placing it in his breast pocket. "Thank you. Now I'll be going."

"Going!" repeated Harold, in surprise. "You surely intend remaining all night with us?"

"No, I don't," answered Skittles, with a sly, humorous wink. "I wouldn't feel safe in Holcombe Hall with this document about me. Much obliged for your hospitality. Indeed, just as much so as if I had accepted it."

He was moving toward the door. No time was to be lost. Harold drew a pistol from a breast pocket and leveled it at the dumpy figure.

"Give me back that paper!" he cried.

"No, I won't!" and quick as thought Skittles had out a pair of pistols.

The two men stood an instant eying each other, and then a shadow crept behind the little lawyer, and ere he could speak or stir, Toy had felled him to the ground with a chair.

Harold, uttering a cry of joy, flung himself upon the prostrate form, and tore the mortgage into atoms.

"What will we do with him, master?" asked Toy, hurriedly. "He is insensible."

"We'll lock him up in the tower with Madge. Come, lend a hand."

When Byron Skittles opened his eyes again, it was in the dark, narrow room where Madge had spent so many weary, weary months.

Groping about in the deep, dense darkness to find if possible some mode of escape, he came in contact with what appeared to him at first a heap of rags cast carelessly into one corner, but, on endeavoring to lift them, he touched a human face, and then he knew he was in the cell occupied by Madge, the maniac.

With a cry, he leaped back, and, as he did so, a ray of moonlight streamed in through the orifice in the wall, revealing the haggard features of the old woman, who had struggled to her feet, and was trying to pierce the gloom with her weak eyes.

"So the traitor has been caught in his own net?" she chuckled. "Caught like a mean, cowardly, sneaking dog that is afraid to meet its equal in a fair fight? Oh, you're a pretty, knavish, tricky piece of humanity, Mister Skittles! But, you see, time has a way of requiting perjury and deception: and now your race is run. You can remain here the remainder of your days, and rot and molder and die like a beast."

The cold wall, the blackness about him, and the knowledge that he was isolated from all the world, and possibly beyond human aid, had the effect of taking from him every particle of that combativeness which had been his main stay in former years, and so he fell to weeping like a very child, beating his head against the hard stones, and crying out:

"Is there no hope—no hope—no hope at all? Oh, Heaven and hell, is there no hope?"

"Yes, there is hope," answered the woman, with a devilish malignity. "When your frame becomes as shriveled for want of air as mine has; when your limbs refuse to bear the weight of your ugly body; when starvation and disease and loneliness and misery have made life unbearable, death will come tardily! tardily! and you will die piecemeal, as I am dying now."

"Curse you for a fiend!" he cried out; "hold your tongue, or I'll strangle you."

"I'll not hold my tongue," she answered. "We're equals here, both prisoners for life. I was lonesome when you came, but, now that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you suffer, too, I feel happy—happier than I have felt for many and many a long day."

He buried his face in his hands, and moaned aloud, while the woman crouched back in her corner and enjoyed his agony, rubbing her hands gleefully together, and chattering away like a hideous magpie.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT LAST! AT LAST!

The yellow fever was raging in New Orleans; fear sat enthroned in every household, and death stalked abroad like a grim destroyer. It was a time of terror, and hundreds fled from the plague in all directions, caring for naught save health and life. Many of the districts were now denuded of population; business was entirely suspended, and the streets almost deserted, except where funeral crowds crept in apprehensive dread through the silent thoroughfares.

Tracy Cuthbert, although in a fair way of recovery when the pest broke out, fell a victim to its ravages, and for a whole week his spirit hovered between life and death.

Of course Hester ministered to his every want, standing up to the work bravely until Rupert Gaspard, on the fifth day, insisted on her retiring from the post of danger.

"I will take your place," he said; "your delicate organism has been too heavily taxed already."

"But the danger, Rupert?"

"Is not greater to me than you."

"But he is my cousin; he has a claim upon me," she said; "and I'm used to nursing now."

He would listen to nothing; he felt sure she was fatigued; and, worn with watching, she finally abdicated in his favor.

"But, I must not be excluded altogether," she protested. "You'll let me visit his room twice a day?"

"No; you shall come in every evening, not oftener."

She unwillingly submitted to this, and Rupert installed himself in the sick room. The position was an odd one to him; to sit there, hour after hour, in the hazy, uncertain light; to never stir for days, with the silence deep enough almost to be felt, and this, too, after a youth and manhood of busy, bustling activity, such as few men experience.

All day he thought of Hester; of how very good, how very patient, how very pretty she was, and when the evenings brought her into the chamber for half an hour, he felt as if she took with her all the charm there was in the apartment, when she stole off on tiptoe at last. Slowly, but surely, he came to the determination that life would be but a dreary waste without her, and then came the consciousness—vague at first, but more distinct afterward—that he loved her.

Days slipped by, and at length Tracy grew gradually better. He was able to sit up just a little, when one day Hester came into his room and said, with a great effort to be calm:

"Tracy, do you think you are strong enough to hear some news—some very good news?"

He looked at her, darting a quick, sharp glance, and then answered: "Yes; I've heard so much bad that I think the slightest particle of good news would give me new life. What is it?"

"Well, now, you'll promise to be calm—not to excite yourself—if I tell you?"

"Yes, I promise," he replied, reaching out and catching her hands in his. "I think I can guess," he added, his face lighting up; "I think I can guess. It's—it's—Dora!"

"Yes, it *is* Dora," was the reply. "She has been saved!"

"And where is she?" starting up to his feet.

The door opened, and a woman, with a shriek, ran into his arms, and, glancing down, his eyes rested on the velvet cheek of his wife, all wet and stained with glad tears of joy.

"The sea has given you back to me, darling!" he exclaimed. "Thank the great God for His mercy!"

She said "Amen" with all her heart.

When the first outburst had passed, Hester and Gaspard came in, and then Dora told them all—of how she had been rescued by the steamer Glencoe on the second day after the wreck—of how she had been carried to Mazatlan, and of how she and the faithful Jack Atwell had begged their passage to New Orleans on the brig Jessie Brown; and, finally, how, on the third day out, poor Jack fell sick of the fever and died, and was buried in the Gulf at sunset.

They all felt a tender moisture in their eyes at this, and Dora cried outright, for he had been good to her—more like a father than a stranger.

The third day after the return of Dora, Tracy received a large packet by mail from Havana, containing the will of Harold Holcombe, which made Tracy the old man's immediate heir to all his American estates, and with a letter asking his forgiveness for having wronged him, and begging him to take possession of the Hall at once.

When he had read it through, he called in Dora and broke the intelligence to her, and that same afternoon Tracy and Dora started for their new home.

Of course 'Bijah and his poor old wife were brought back to Big Brier Bend, where they resumed their old life and were happier than ever; and one day, early in the following autumn, a quiet wedding-party assembled in Holcombe Hall to honor the nuptials of Hester Corwin and Rupert Gaspard. They went abroad; lived at Madrid awhile; then at Milan, and at last came back and settled on a magnificent plantation in Terebonne parish.

The reader, we presume, is curious to know what became of Byron Skittles, the false, cunning attorney, and old Madge Moulton, who for years had pursued Harold Holcombe without mercy. Their presence had never been suspected in the tower, and it was not until ten years after their having been entombed, that an old negro, who had wandered up into the tower, discovered two skeletons—they had died hating and cursing each other; died of starvation amid a land of plenty; died a fearful, horrible death.

But Harold Holcombe paid the penalty of his crime against an innocent, confiding woman; he joined a lot of Italian conspirators who were plotting the overthrow of Napoleon III, and, being captured, was tried and condemned to ten years in the galleys. He lived but five of these, and now occupies a felon's grave. Fate, who is ever upon the heels of the wicked with a sword of flame, had tracked him to his doom; had hunted him down WITHOUT MERCY.

THE END.

THE Saturday ★ Weekly Journal

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SOON TO START!

The new serial by the author of "Hercules, the Hunchback," viz.:

THE PEARL OF PEARLS;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

A tale of Heart and Home, of romantic interest and great dramatic power.

Our Arm-Chair.

An Interesting History.

The restoration, July 1st, of the old firm name, BEADLE AND ADAMS, offers to the editor of this journal a proper occasion for telling the history of this firm, and of adverting to the character and magnitude of the work it has accomplished:

The DIME PUBLICATIONS were initiated in the year 1859, by Messrs. E. F. Beadle and Robert Adams. These gentlemen had been associates in publishing, at Buffalo, N. Y., the once well-known and excellent *Youths' Casket*. Out of this sprung *The Home*, a Monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. H. E. G. Arey. The success of this venture was such as to induce its transplantation to New York, in the summer of 1858, where, under the editorship of Mrs. M. V. Victor, and as the *Home Monthly*, it soon became a widely-circulated and very popular magazine. In its office originated the idea of *Good Books for a Dime*. Perceiving the field open for a succession of entirely new and original volumes, as Text and Hand Books—each volume to contain the quantity of matter then embraced in a dollar book, and thus actually giving a *Dollar Book for a Dime*—BEADLE AND COMPANY initiated the enterprise by a Dime Cook-Book. This was followed by a Dime Recipe-Book; then a Dime Book of Etiquette and Society Usages; then a Dime Letter-Writer and Guide to Correspondence, Dime Speakers and Dialogues for School Exhibitions and Homes, etc., etc.—all of which were simply *enormously* successful as were also the Dime Song-Books, which gave, in neat forms, the words of the most acceptable and popular Standard and New Copyright Songs. The idea of a complete Book for a Dime, as the Trade said, "took;" and to such proportions did the business reach, in two years' time, that Messrs. Beadle and Adams were constrained to dispose of their *Home Monthly* in order to devote themselves wholly to their book business.

This, briefly, is the origin of the DIME BOOKS, which have since become as thoroughly identified with American Literature as Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress are identified with English Literature, and like those immortal books, have supplied a demand for reading in the *homes* of the land which otherwise must have been either without books of any kind, or of that class of literature whose influence is essentially vicious and demoralizing. A good and studiously pure volume, for one dime, was a novelty, and the quick response of the public to the successive issues, gave ample evidence that those who read cheap books were both appreciative of what was proper and solicitous to obtain it.

The DIME NOVELS were added to the lists in the fall of 1859. Before starting them, extensive arrangements were made with the most popular and reputable of living *American* writers, who were to furnish to the series their *very best work;* and, as a result, there followed, in rapid succession, books from the hands of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. M. V. Victor, John Neal, A. J. H. Duganne, Mrs. M. A. Dennison, Edward S. Ellis, C. D. Clark, Mrs. Ann E. Porter, Clara Augusta, W. J. Hamilton, Roger Starbuck, Capt. Mayne Reid, Edward Willett, etc., etc. Never in the history of popular literature was there a more signal success. Not only were the books republished and largely sold in Great Britain, but they were translated and reproduced in six or seven European languages—including the Welsh—an honor which few volumes indeed have ever attained. Of Mrs. Victor's "Maum Guinea," over twenty issues have been made, in London, and of some of Mr. Ellis' books an equal sale followed. Such astonishing popularity, in any dollar or higher-priced book, would have "made the welkin ring," but so quietly did the Dime Books do their work, that the world scarcely guessed of their merit, or comprehended their circulation.

Out of this prosperity, as a kind of trade necessity, sprung an agency for the exclusive management of the sales. Too busy in the preparation and rapid publication of the little volumes, to give the sales' department proper attention, the publishers arranged with a well-known news firm for the general agency of BEADLE'S DIME PUBLICATIONS; and this firm having also obtained the delivery agency of the *New York Ledger*, was thenceforth such a power in the trade that the American News Company sprung into existence, armed with two weapons, which made it invincible to opposition. From the assumption of the two agencies named does this now great company date its first prosperity. Without them it is fair to assume that the combination of news firms which ensued, never would have been possible.

Beadle's Monthly, started in the year 1866, was designed to fill an existing want for a Monthly of medium price and of that entertaining character which *Chambers' Journal* so fully exemplifies. It was well received, and became at once a favorite in the Trade. It was beautifully illustrated, and, in many respects, was one of the most *enjoyable* magazines ever published in this country. The death of Mr. Robert Adams, in the year 1866, was a severe blow to this new enterprise, for it had been one to his especial taste, and for which he hoped especially to cater. Deprived of his wide experience and intelligence in business conduct, the magazine was retired at the close of its third volume—not sold out or permitted to be absorbed by some other monthly—but simply withdrawn, to be restarted at any future time when the literary atmosphere seems auspicious for it.

To Robert Adams' interest his two younger brothers, William and David, succeeded—the newly-organized firm continuing as that of Beadle and Company, and under this membership the business has ever since been transacted, growing yearly in importance, and advancing steadily to a perfectness, both in working detail and in literary pre-eminence, which comes only of long familiarity with and thorough love of the publisher's responsible vocation. Each member of the firm, in a business of such dimensions, must assume a special department, to which to impart his own taste and talent. In this instance, MR. E. F. Beadle, as a skilled printer and publisher, assumes charge of the press production of the volumes, business circulars, posters, etc., and to his taste are chiefly due the originality and beauty of the work produced. To Mr. William Adams is assigned the general business management of the firm—a position demanding financial ability of the best order, for the amount of the firm's transactions yearly, is, of course, immense. Mr. David Adams, in general literary management, finds a congenial field for the exercise of tastes and talents which to-day are so essential to success in publishing books and periodicals. Each and all thus being *practically* qualified for their work, prove, by the result of their united labors, how valuable is a *working* knowledge of any trade and business. Having ventured, in the publishing line, on almost every form o book and periodical, from a one-cent song-book to a three dollar volume and a popular weekly paper, achieving the same successful result in all—it is now to be said of the firm that few businesses are catered for by persons of wider experience or of more acute understanding c the demands of that business.

The last feature superadded to the business is the SATURDAY JOURNAL—a weekly embodying this firm's idea of what a popular paper should be. That they have not "counted without their host," is quite certain, *for no weekly paper ever started in America attained, in so brief a time, so large a circulation.* In the trade it is a favorite, while to the large class who are its regular readers, it is the Weekly *par excellence*, if we are to judge by the expressions made, as well as by the steadily and rapidly-increasing circulation. The JOURNAL is destined to exert an important influence, both in developing *American* talent, and in raising the standard of our home literature, thus achieving for our periodical popular press what the Dime Books have achieved for cheap publications.

Chat.—In the series of papers, started this week, viz.: "Among the Thousand Islands," we have a happy story of adventure on the St. Lawrence with trolling line and pole. We who sit and swelter here, in our workshops and offices, while others enjoy the sport of catching the magnificent muscalunge or spotted pickerel, or of whipping the young trout from his retreat in the shadowy pools, can only sigh, not for what others have, but for what we have not. We commend the series as very readable.

Among the new features of modern business enterprises must be mentioned the weekly or monthly papers published in the interests of particular trades or professions. We have journals devoted to Wool, to Iron, to Insurance, to Liquor or Wine, to Tobacco, etc., etc.; and now we welcome a really beautiful monthly paper wholly confined to the interests of paper manufacturers and consumers, viz.: *The Paper Trade Journal*. It is a welcome enterprise, which it will *pay* for paper men to read.

Schools also have their "organs." The number of educational monthlies is one of the pleasing evidences of the great interest taken in Schools and Teaching, in this country. The Iowa School Journal is, in itself, a proof of the intelligence of that admirable State. Where such magazines are sustained, rest assured the interests of popular education are well cared for.

The work which is being accomplished in this country by libraries is illustrated in the Annual Report of Board of Direction of the Mercantile Library Association, of New York city. By this we learn that since its organization in 1820, this Library has acquired 162,449 volumes of books, and expended total receipts to the amount of $594,948. This great Library is a blessed boon to a very large class of young men. Every town in the Union of 10,000 inhabitants, ought to have just such a Library Association.

Professor Blot says that we have one institution in this country that is unapproachable—that is *our power of waste.* "Different countries," he remarks, "have different habits, customs, etc., which come either from climate, religion, form of Government, or other local influences. For instance: the female cook in England excels in system; in France she excels in small savory dishes; in Germany she excels in making every thing go as far as possible; but here, I am very sorry to say it, she excels in nothing save in wasting. Wasting is carried on so far and so extensively in American kitchens that it will soon be one of the common sciences." Of the truth of which every good housekeeper has a painfully clear realization. The extravagance in American kitchens is something incomprehensible save upon the supposition that all economy is an evidence of poverty, and to be poor, you see, is to be wanting in respectability and all that!

One of Our Authors.—Of Mr. A. P. Morris' "Hercules, the Hunchback," which our readers have just finished reading, the Washington City *Gazette* says:

"It is one of Mr. Morris' great achievements, and its merit has secured already an arrangement for its production in dramatic form at an early day, as well also as his thrilling story, entitled the 'Black Crescent.' Both these stories were originally brought before the public in the columns of the New York *Star Journal*. All Mr. Morris' stories are singularly adapted to the stage. The copyrights he reserves in all cases subject to negotiation. Another new story, 'The Pearl of Pearls,' will shortly appear in the *Star Journal*, the family favorite, from Mr. Morris' pen, its style being somewhat different from any thing heretofore written by him."

TIME IS MONEY.

THAT adage seems to be going out of the memory of some individuals; and I thought it might be as well to bring it to mind once more.

I want to know if you think it is exactly right to time your visits on my good friend, Mrs. Wells, when she is in the midst of a big washing, and detain her from the same by your chattering about your neighbors' business? If you are at a loss for a way to pass your time, Mrs. Wells is *not.* Perhaps Mrs. W. has to take in washing for a living, and every scrub has to go toward providing for herself and family; are you not, then, taking the very bread out of her mouth if you trespass on her time, by compelling her to leave off her labor to listen to you? It would please her more, and be more advantageous to her, if you would roll up your sleeves and go to washing for her, whereby you would be a help and not a hindrance. Supposing you were dressing for a party, and some one should come in and detain you for an hour or so; wouldn't you feel greatly annoyed to have your time intruded upon? Well, if so, why do you take up that of Mrs. W.? And if you are vexed to be spoiled of a pleasure, it is far worse for Mrs. W., whose hours have to be improved on account of necessity.

You mustn't think me rude if I do not receive you very cordially if you call while I am writing. I don't like to have my manuscript looked over ere I have corrected it, and hear you exclaim: "You haven't numbered this page," or, "You haven't dotted this i or crossed this t." I can't feel like being good on paper if you're trying every pen upon my table, or fussing with my silk pen-wiper. You make me cross to have you ask me what I am writing about, how much I get for an article, and if I mean every word that I say.

My time is money, and I have use enough for both. Take some other time to bring me your first attempts at poetry to comment upon, than when I am "scratching" for the Press. I may forget myself and use the *pepper* which the editor wants me to put into these essays, and pour it upon your poor poem.

Please don't hum some love-tune, and drum on my table with the tip of your parasol, while I am striving to strain out a few ideas from my somewhat clouded brain; I might feel like asking you if you wouldn't be kind enough to adjourn into the other room and play a solo on brother Tom's clarionet to calm the slumbers of my Tabby-cat. Please pass on! My time is money!

Don't I wish the bores who frequent the editorial sanctums could see how the occupants love to have them hang around the premises, and wish they would stay—where they came from! An editor's time is not his own; it belongs to the public, and to serve all faithfully one must be allowed to have the time to himself. Were the bores ever aware that some of these poor editors have to give up their dinner-hour in order to make up for the time lost by their intrusion on the editor's moments?

Why don't people find some work to occupy their minds? If they desire to waste the time God gave them to be useful in, let them do so with their own, and not with those who would be busy if it were not for them.

He who robs one of his time might as well rob one of his money, and I'd rather give up a five-dollar bill than the hours I set apart for writing. Now, you bores, if you haven't your own living to get, do for mercy's sake leave us alone to obtain ours, if you wouldn't see us going raving distracted. Whose hand shall I have on this subject—and whose frown?

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Letter from Dr. Livingstone.

MY DEAR WHITEHORN:

As the mails here in the heart of Africa are almost as irregular as they are in some parts of your country, I have not been able to send you a letter for some time.

I am not very well myself, owing in a great measure to the various vicissitudes through which I have been compelled to pass.

In the first place, I fell into the hands of a savage tribe, whose butcher, having shut down on the credit business, left them badly off for fresh meat; the consequence was that they killed, and, asking my pardon, ate me. Of course this proceeding didn't set very well on my general health, and I didn't survive the treatment. What was left of me—one ear and a toe-nail—they buried with great solemnity. I really do believe their sorrow was not put on, for they would have been glad to have had more of me; I didn't last half long enough.

But this is a most wonderfully productive climate, and the soil is remarkably good; for, immediately after the first rain, I sprung up again, somewhat like a mushroom, whole and sound, and altogether ripe, and in the darkness of the night, I managed to steal away—the only thing I ever stole in my life.

For two mortal weeks I traveled along without even coming to a railroad station, or sitting down to a square meal, or hearing a hand-organ, and didn't get fat on it. All I lived on was the recollection of meals I had enjoyed at home. The chiefs of every tribe I passed through were perfectly willing to endow me with all their mothers-in-law and grandmothers, but not a bite to eat would they give me, although I offered them my note with ten-per-cent interest. Finally, I fell in among some savages who caught me and tied me to a stake, piled kindlings around me, and burned me to ashes.

I was in a dilemma. This was the worst fix I had ever been in, in my life. When they left, I surveyed the little handful of ashes that had formerly been *me.* This was certainly discouraging even to a man of my nerve.

I raked those few ashes up with my trembling hands, and thought how it might be that some economical housewife would be very glad to get them to make soap out of, and the tears filled my eyes at the reflection. What was I to do? Many a weaker man than I would have given up, right there.

I gathered those ashes together and put them in a bucket, and traveled onward, very down-hearted like. In the course of the day I came to a fountain, and cast them in, when, lo and behold! Richard was himself again, and I came up out of that pool a new-made man!

Thankfully I journeyed along again, but I was dreadfully hungry, and I espied an elephant. I laid my plans and trapped him and ate him up. This was the first square round meal I had had for some weeks. I was really surfeited. I packed my extra clothes in his trunk, and went ahead heavier, but with a light heart.

In a few days I was captured by another savage tribe who took me to a river and drowned me in it. They had business somewhere else. When they had gone I recollected of some rules I had read to be used in such cases.

I took myself out, rubbed me with warm flannels, held myself up by the heels to get as much of the river out of my mouth as possible, but still I could see no signs of returning life. I began to get scared; the future looked dark. I carried myself and laid me in the shade of an overarching palm, and put a pillow under my head, and poured a bottle of Elixir Bourbon, which I always carried with me in case of accidents, down my throat. In a few minutes I perceived that my pulse was beating slowly. In five more minutes I said, "I won't get up for breakfast, but will wait for dinner," and opened my eyes. I took good care of myself and in a few days I fully recovered.

My object was to discover the true source of the Nile; this was the main thing that spurred me on, in spite of all my misfortunes—the hope that resurrected me in spite of a thousand deaths, which, if any other man had suffered, he would have got out of heart and turned back; but I kept on.

Many times have I got the lockjaw in trying to pronounce the names of some of the towns I have passed, but I have been fortunate enough to unlock it again with the key to various languages which I possess. I have had my head cut off and thrown away many times, and it was only after the most diligent search with a spy-glass that I would find it again. I have had both legs cut off, and it required my best skill in boxing to knock the savages right and left before I could get possession of them again.

But, thanks to my powers of endurance, and strong constitution, I have discovered the true source of that great river. It runs out of a barrel which sits upon two trestles right in the center of a dry desert. If I had had any means of conveyance I should have carried that true source of the Nile to England and put it in the British Museum, but I was compelled to leave it. I am now on my way to the coast. But the mail is about to close, so I have only time to ask you how your grandmother is, and to subscribe myself, not a dead, but a LIVINGSTONE.

Short Stories from History.

Origin of the Drama.—Dramatic entertainments were introduced at Rome in the year of the city 391. They were called *ludi scenici*, because they were acted in a shade formed by the branches and leaves of trees. They originally consisted of little more than dances to the sound of a flute, without either singing or acting. These were performed by Etrurians, who were the first players at Rome; but the Roman youth soon imitated them at their solemn festivals, adding raillery in rude verses and gestures, suited to the subject. These were called *Fescennine* verses, from the town Fescennia in Etruria, where they had originated.

It was not until about the year of Rome 512, that an attempt was made to represent a regular play, written by Livius Andronicus, the first Latin dramatic poet. From this period the drama progressively improved, and the plays which still exist sufficiently attest the excellence to which this species of composition arrived; while the fortunes acquired by some of the actors afford ample proof of the estimation in which the histrionic art was held, notwithstanding that, according to the Roman law, the profession of an actor was declared infamous, and those who practiced it were deprived of the rights of citizens.

The Roman comedy was at first wholly borrowed from the Greeks, and it was long before the Latin stage could boast of an original composition. When delivered from the trammels of imitation, their plays became more descriptive of Roman character and manners; but it may be doubted whether they did not lose more in purity of taste than they gained in originality; for we find that the stage degenerated soon after the fall of the Republic, and was at length abandoned to dancers and buffoons.

Tragedy was not introduced at Rome until long after comedy was known; and the pieces still extant are so few as to afford but little means of judging of the general merit of the Roman tragic muse.

The Roman play was usually succeeded by a farce, performed by amateurs. These were styled *Atellane comedies*, in which the actors, not speaking from any written dialogue, trusted to the spontaneous effusion of their own fancies; a license which they frequently abused by the introduction of much gross ribaldry. The performers in the Atellana could not be compelled by the audience to unmask, nor were they, like the common actors, deprived of their civil rights.

Interludes of dancing, and processions of exhibitions of animals, and combats of gladiators, were generally introduced between the acts; and these, together with pantomimical representations, tumbling and rope dancing, constituted so great a portion of the entertainment, that they at length superseded the regular drama.

A singular custom prevailed on the Roman stage: the occasional division of the same part between two actors, the one reciting, while the other accompanied him with the appropriate gesture. This appears to have been confined to the recitation of verses, or single speeches, for we do not find that it was applied to dialogue; and it was originally introduced for the convenience of a favorite performer, who was rendered hoarse by his obedience to reiterated calls of "*encore.*"

A PURE LIFE.

I LOVE to breathe the air with nobler spirits that dwell in the light of God's love, and are calm with his peace; to be surrounded by princely natures, not because I am good, but because I would become so; not because I am noble, but because I desire to purge my nature of all meanness. I can not afford the companionship of men of groveling natures. Let me rather, even though I feel rebuked by their purity, be companioned by the good, whose lives are fragrant with moral courage, hope and aspiration. They impart to men at least the grace of shame for shortcomings and imperfections, and so sting me into efforts for a better life.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Among the MSS. which we must pronounce unavailable, are: "Lost. All Lost;" "The Student's Story;" "Lulu;" "The White Crow;" "At Long Branch;" "Love's Language;" "Josh's First Visit," etc.; "The Jubilee Ghost;" "Barnes' Great Show;" "Not a Ghost of a Chance;" "A Boy's Prayer;" "The Sailor's Yarn;" "Digging One's Own Grave;" "The Post Ride;" "Who Cut Off the Water?" "Miss Marian's Lovers;" "Never Say No!"

We will find room for "A Woman's Passion;" "The Deliverance of Alcestis;" "A Dead Man's Story;" "My Bliss' Escape;" "A Slight Mistake;" "In Spite of Himself;" "Her Reward;" "Their Wedding Trip;" "A Woman's Jealousy."

The three MSS. by Mrs. B. B. T. we hold for further consideration, but, doubtless, shall have to decline. Serials to be to our taste must not be interminably long. Some papers, we know, deal in such, but they are not to our taste or wants.

☞ Authors *must* prepay all MSS. designed for the SATURDAY JOURNAL at *full letter rates.* Only real book MS. can pass at "Book rates." They must also be very careful to remit us *full letter postage* for MSS. that are to be returned. Neglect to follow these instructions will result in the entire loss of the MS. The new postal law makes *Book MS.* rates the same as books, viz.: 2 cents for every 2 ounces or fraction thereof, but MSS. designed for first publication in periodicals are *not* regarded as "Book MS."

We file the Omnibus Contribution of Tom Gould for insertion, but it may be some time before it appears.

B. A. J. We can supply the numbers named, containing Capt. J. F. C. Adams' fine romances, viz.: "The Blackfoot Queen" and "The Phantom Princess," for seventy-eight cents.

A. W. H. We can not write. Have nothing, in fact, to say. You *promise* well enough. Send your contribution to the *Waverley Magazine.*

X. Y. Z. The first 45 Nos. of the SATURDAY JOURNAL are five cents each.

DOLLY VARDEN. Apply to the American News Co., Nassau St., N. Y.

We return the two papers by H. A. D. They are good as compositions and read like something from the School Stage.

MISS T. A. H. We can not, at present, republish the story referred to. We thank you for your good opinion of our paper.

Q. D. See answer to Miss T. A. H.

J. D. E. We know of no cure for goitre. It usually comes from the drinking of water impregnated with lime, we believe; therefore cease the use of such water; drink *soft* water instead.

S. E. P. A story by the author named will be given in the fall.

P. P. "The Witches of New York" is not published in dramatic form. Copies in MS. can be had only by purchase of the author.—Red ink is thus made: best ground Brazil wood 4 ounces; diluted acetic acid 1 pint; alum ½ ounce. Boil slowly in an enameled kettle for half an hour; then strain off and add 1 ounce gum arabic.

The "Leap Year Story" we return. There is nothing distinctively original. The incident is commonplace, and the MS. has errors of expression, as indicated by the editor.

"Sodom's" epistle is not up to the mark. His wit can not stand the test of print, we fear.

KNOWLEDGE. Kissingen is a town in Bavaria, on the river Saale, about 800 feet from the level of the sea. The climate is good and the situation very healthy. Five springs are there. More than 300,000 bottles of the water of the Rakoczy spring are annually exported. The Kissingen waters "on draught" are all humbugs.

PROTESTANT. The massacre of Protestants at Paris, occurred August 24, 1572. The thirty-nine articles of the Church of England were adopted in 1566.

J. STRONG. To make black ink, take twelve pounds of bruised galls, five pounds of green sulphate of iron, five pounds of gum. Boil the galls with nine gallons of pure rain water for three hours; let the decoction settle and draw off the clear liquor. Add to it the gum previously dissolved in one and a half gallons of water; the green vitriol in one and a half gallons of water, and mix the whole.

SAILOR. The Spanish Armada was destroyed July 27, 1588.

FARMER. There is no special objection to the drinking of home-made beer. Any thing that has no fermented spirit of alcohol is surely not "anti-temperance."

ACCIDENT. To take grease out of velvet or cloth, pour turpentine over the greasy part; then rub dry with a piece of flannel. If the grease is not removed, repeat the application.

FANATIC. The Bible was printed in England, in 1539; in the same year the monasteries were suppressed in England and Wales. England has since had Catholic sovereigns, but the monastic system has never flourished in the kingdom since the year named. The "Church of England" was developed in Henry VIIIth's time, and firmly founded under Elizabeth by the alliance of Church and State. It is now a State institution—the Bishops in the Church having seats in the Upper House of Parliament, and vast revenues accrue to the Church by State levies of taxes, as well as by vast landed revenues. Many of the wisest minds in Great Britain regard this union of Church and State as essentially wrong and impolitic, and the day is probably not distant when the kingdom will be rent with excitement over the question of a dissolution of this union.

SCHOOLGIRL. You should endeavor to choose for your composition a subject of interest and instruction. It is decidedly wrong to get some one else to write your composition, and by copying it to pass it off as your own, for that is false pretense and deception.

MOTHER. Knee-breeches are the best style of dress for your young son. Talmas are fashionable and "dressy" for spring overcoats for boys.

STUDENT. All persons desirous of having their children learn to speak French or German, should have them at it when they are quite young, for a child will learn a language much sooner than an old person.

J. C. C. The Stars and Stripes were adopted as a national flag by Congress on the Fourteenth day of June, 1777.

ALINE. To prevent the smoking of a lamp, soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn bright and clear, and amply repay you for the trifling labor.

THOMAS X. President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation January 1st, 1863.

ASTROLOGIST. There will be two eclipses of the Sun in 1872, viz., June 5th, which will be visible in Washington Territory and the Arctic region, but which will be invisible in all other parts of North America. The eclipse taking place Nov 30th will not be visible in this country. 2d. The transit of Venus takes place in 1874. The last transit was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse in the State House yard, Philadelphia, June 3d, 1769.

LAURA C. S., Rochester. An excellent wash for producing a pearly whiteness of the teeth can be made at little cost. The ingredients are as follows: dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of water; before quite cold add one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor; bottle for use. A wineglassful of the solution added to a half-pint of tepid water is sufficient for each application. This solution applied regularly preserves and beautifies the teeth, arrests decay and induces a healthy action of the gums.

J. G. C. Mental and bodily exercise are equally essential to the general health and happiness. Late hours and anxious pursuits exhaust the nervous system and produce disease and premature death. The hours of labor and study should be short.

ENGINEER. The excavation of the Mount Cenis tunnel, between France and Italy, beneath the Alps, was completed by the meeting of the two gangs of workmen December 26th, 1870. Its length is a little less than eight miles; width at the broadest part twenty-six feet, two and three-quarter inches; the hight of the arch is twenty-four feet, seven inches. The Tunnel leads from Fourneaux, near Brodane, in the valley of the Arc in Savoy, to Bardoneche in Italy, and passes under three mountains, the central summit of the highest being more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

☞ *Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.*

COLUMBIA.

July 4, 1872.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Hail! Hail!
On this, thy natal day!
With trumpings loud
And pageant proud,
With cannon's roar and revelry,
With banners flaunting gay
Upon the gale,
Thou Goddess of the brave and free,
We to thy altar incense bring,
And in thy honor anthems sing!

Hail! Hail!
Columbia, star of light!
Bright Hesperus,
Still light for us
The rugged path to liberty!
Though black the pall of night,
Nor wane, nor pale;
But e'er and aye a beacon be
To hearts that dare to rise amain
And burst oppression's galling chain!

Hail! Hail!
Thou spark of heavenly flame!
Through fire and flood,
Through tears and blood,
Through famine, pestilence and death,
When hope is but a name,
While tyrants rail,
And staunch hearts fail, and falters faith,
Still mayst thou fix the freeman's eye,
And lead him on to victory!

Hail! Hail!
Fair queen of all our hopes!
Till ends the strife
Of this poor life,
And time and space are things of naught,
And wide the portal opes,
And lifts the vail—
Oh, thou, by blood the noblest bought,
Here make thy home, where man—as sea
And wood and stream and air—is free!

The Surf Angel:

OR,

THE HERMIT WRECKER.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE DUEL," "SUB ROSA FAST LIFE," "EL PIRATA," "SOUTHERNERS IN NEW YORK," "A WRECKED LIFE," "DOOMED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOVERS.

UPON examination it was found that the sloop needed some repairs before she could again put to sea, especially as she would be freighted with such a valuable cargo, and it was determined to pass a week or more upon the island, leisurely repairing the damages sustained, and making preparations for the sea voyage to Pensacola, whither Captain Menken had determined to go, for from there, the party could easily proceed to New York by rail.

Captain Menken and his yachting companions had talked together over the strange inhabitants of the island, but, except what Ricardo had told them, that many years before himself and his children had been wrecked there, and loving a lonely life, he had lived there ever since, they knew nothing of the past history of the occupants.

Captain Menken was struck with the manly bearing of Milo, and the more he saw of him the more he liked him, and though he felt that there was some mystery hanging over the young man's life, and that he was perhaps engaged in an unlawful traffic, he could not believe that he was willfully wicked.

He believed Theone to be Milo's sister, though they were totally unlike, and he admired the winning beauty and lovely, refined manners of the maiden, and regretted that the two were destined to pass an aimless life away from the world, which they would adorn so well.

He had held a long conversation with Ricardo, but from that worthy could gain no clue to guide him, so he was compelled to remain mystified regarding all three.

Theone and Lotta were friendly in their intercourse toward each other, but a certain masked reserve of the former toward her companion would allow of no true friendship between them, and the cause of this reserve was jealousy upon the part of Theone, who each day noticed the increased attention of Milo toward the beautiful girl.

His every action and look toward her was full of love and a kind of holy respect, and three days had not passed before the youth knew that he had learned to almost worship Lotta Menken.

And was she indifferent to him?

By no means, for, from the moment she had returned to consciousness upon the sloop, and listened to his clear, quiet tones, and looked into his handsome, daring face, she felt that she was in the presence of the man who controlled her destiny.

She read his face when he, the next morning, came and asked regarding her health after the fatigues and horrors of the night, and saw there only honor and beauty, and felt that no stain of crime had rested upon it to mar its truthfulness, and though she had, in the social throng of metropolitan life, met many men as handsome, and been sought after and surrounded by genius and wealth, she had never felt her heart touched before.

Milo had touched the strings of her affection with a master hand, and caused them to thrill with pleasure or regret at his presence or absence.

Thus she loved him, and though only a few days had elapsed since he had drawn her from the waters and saved her life and that of her father, she knew that the chain of love bound her, and its severance would cause her years of sorrow and repining.

Milo had seen, as I have before stated, some little of life in his occasional visits to Pensacola, but, excepting Theone, whom he really loved as a sister, he had felt no feeling of admiration for women, until he gazed into the lovely eyes of Lotta, and he felt that he would willingly relinquish all else that was dear to him in the world to follow her through life.

He was pained to see how Theone regarded him, for her jealousy was read aright by him, and regretted the more, as he knew he could alone return her the love of a brother, and the hope of a nearer relationship between them was impossible.

And now a word regarding two more of the characters of this sketch—Leo Menken and Oregon Minturn.

When the little life-boat had first hove in sight of the yacht, Leo had noticed through his glass that it held but one occupant, and that one was a woman.

A moment after he and Oregon Minturn, with five seamen and Lotta's maid, Marie, were washed by a wave into the ocean, and a short while after the life-boat came near him, a helping hand was extended, and he was aided in getting into the life-boat, and was instrumental in saving from death Oregon Minturn and four of the seamen.

Wonder-stricken at the grace and beauty, added to the reckless daring of Theone, Leo felt almost awed in her presence, and the following day his admiration of her each moment increased.

Learning what he had of her history, he determined to win her love, if possible, and transplant the fair flower to his home on the Hudson river, where she might preside as his wife; for experience in fashionable city life had taught him that there were none of the gay ladies of his acquaintance whom he would wish to have stand in a nearer relationship to him than that of a friend.

He noticed the uneasy manner of Theone when Milo would be in the company of Lotta, but believing them sister and brother, he could not account for it, except by a petty jealous feeling on the part of the young girl, who in her lonely life had been the object of all of his and Ricardo's attentions.

He noticed also the admiration of Milo for his sister, and felt a forebodihg of trouble, for he saw that Minturn had also noticed it, and took delight in making sneering remarks to wound the feelings of the young islander.

Leo had never liked Oregon Minturn particularly, but as he was devoted to Lotta, and Captain Menken had seemed desirous of a match between the two—for Oregon's father had been a brother-officer of his when he was in the navy, and they were inseparable friends—he raised no objections.

He knew that Minturn was wild, nay more, had led a dissipated life; but then he belonged to a good family, was talented, well educated, wealthy, and a great favorite in society; and, upon the whole, was as good as the generality of young men in the gay walks of life.

Minturn was also exceedingly devoted to Theone, but in a clandestine manner that would only excite attention in a close observer.

When in the company of all, he always sought the side of Lotta, bnt when Theone was by herself, he would seek her out and join her.

When she would take her little bucket to go to the spring, or go to the garden in another part of the island for vegetables for the table, she was sure to meet Oregon Minturn, and though she did not like him as she did Leo, whom she really regarded with friendly feelings, she never avoided him, for, child of nature that she was, she knew not the arts of the fashionable belle and coquette.

Leo had noticed Oregon's lonely walks, and also seen him once or twice walking with Theone, and that when he came near the cabin, he would leave her to come on alone, while he would approach from some other direction, and he felt that the young girl was in danger, and resolved to watch her closely, for he knew that the gay New Yorker would not hesitate to take advantage of the confiding innocence of the unsuspecting maiden, did she place any confidence in his protestations.

Theone felt a far different feeling for Leo, than did he for her, though she was fond of his society—loved to hear him converse, and looked upon him as a noble man—no spark of love for him had been aroused in her heart, for her whole heart belonged to Milo, whom she now felt that she loved with the whole depth of her passionate nature.

Years might have passed without her discovering the true nature of her feelings, had it not been for the spark of jealousy lit in her bosom by the appearance upon the scene of Lotta Menken.

Captain Menken really enjoyed his stay upon the island, and in rummaging over the large library of the Hermit Wrecker, and reading old time-worn books, he let the days slip by unheeded, and seemed contented in his daily existence.

Ricardo was wary, and watched closely all proceedings, and his heart trembled with dread as he noticed the real state of affairs; for he feared the time had come to break up his happy solitude, and then those whom he loved as if they were his own flesh and blood, might learn to love other faces and other scenes better than his, and the little island where most of their lives had been passed.

Thus the days glided by, and a week passed, and the work was completed upon the sloop, but yet no day for starting had been set.

At length Captain Menken awoke to the thought that he might be imposing upon the generous hospitality of the islanders, and a day was appointed for sailing; and preparations for provisioning the sloop for the voyage were commenced, and in three days more the Ocean Spray was to spread her white sails and carry the wrecked party to the port of Pensacola.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPRING AND THE CLIFF.

THE sun was sinking, and the last day that Captain Menken and his party was to pass upon the island was rapidly drawing to a close.

In return for saving the lives of himself and the others of the Sea Gull, the captain had offered Milo every inducement to accompany him to New York, that he might advance his interests there; but the young man had refused every offer steadily, but kindly, saying he preferred to remain with his father and sister; and to Lotta's entreaties to Theone to accompany her she had also turned a deaf ear, so that old Ricardo was again happy in the thought that he would not be deserted by those whose lives he had saved, and whom he had cared for during the long years that followed.

All the machinations of Oregon Minturn to decoy Theone from the path of virtue, failed; for she cast from her his every promise of friendship, and with an instinctive feeling of repulsion, shunned him; for her woman's nature told her that his designs toward her were evil.

Baffled by the presence of the woman whom he hoped to make his wife, and whom he loved, as deeply as a nature such as his was capable of loving, he determined to postpone for the present his fell purpose, but to return at an early day, and under circumstances that would make Theone yield to him, and thereby gratify his revenge upon her for the manner in which she had repulsed his offers of love.

It was the day before the departure from the island that Leo was standing by the side of the spring, as if in expectancy of some one's coming, and ere he had been long there, Theone was seen approaching, with her bucket in her hand, in which to carry back water for the evening meal.

As she reached the spring Leo stepped forward and said:

"Miss Theone, I awaited you here, for I knew you would come. Pardon me for speaking as I do, but I have not yet expressed to you how deeply I thank you for the life you saved: you having rescued me from an early grave, the years that are left to me I wish to devote to you.

"Among all my lady friends none have influenced me as you have done, and now I ask you to let me return to this island some day in the future and claim you as my bride.

"I love you as I did not know I could love, and I offer myself to you. Will you love me?"

Like a startled fawn, Theone listened to this avowal of love.

She had not expected it, and her thoughts had been so devoted to Milo, that she had not believed that Leo loved her, and in fact had not understood his attentions toward her.

Now she listened, spellbound at having awakened in another the same feeling she held for Milo, and knowing how she suffered at the thought of losing that love, she felt a great pity that Leo should also suffer, and on her account.

Tears dimmed the lovely eyes, and, throwing the bucket to the ground, she extended both hands, in her passionate, impulsive manner, and said:

"Oh, I am so sorry you love me as you would a wife. I can not understand why you should, and pity you; for I love Milo, and he does not love me now your sister is here."

"You love Milo? Why, Theone, he is your brother?"

"No, he is not, only my adopted brother."

"Ha! I did not know this."

"Nor I, until of late; but he is not my brother, and I love him so dearly. I would die if he deserted me."

"Theone, you can not, brought up as you have been with Milo, love him otherwise than as a sister should love a brother; you only think so because the coming of Lotta has called his attention from you to her, and you are jealous.

"I love you, and wish you to be my wife; but now I will not speak to you more upon the subject.

"You know my feelings toward you, and I wish you to think of me and strive to teach yourself to care for me, and in another year, perhaps in a few months, I will return and ask you if you have learned to love me. I will write to you and send you books to read, and when Milo visits Pensacola he can get them there, and in receiving my letters you will think of me, and I hope love me as I wish. Now, good-by," and, bending low, Leo kissed each little hand that rested in his, and, turning, left the spot, while Theone stood still, her face flushed by her thoughts, and watched him until he was out of sight. Then, with a sigh, she took up her bucket, filled it with water, and retraced her steps to the cabin.

On the cliff, watching the last rays of the setting sun, stood Milo, and by his side was Lotta.

They had walked there together, and had stood in silence, for each was oppressed and felt that perhaps it was their last meeting alone; but neither suspected the thoughts that filled the other's mind.

Suddenly Milo spoke, and his voice, usually so clear and firm, was tremulous, as he said:

"This is the last evening we will ever be alone together."

"I hope not."

"Sincerely do I hope not; but while you feel for me, Miss Menken, a certain gratitude for saving your life, I have felt that without you I would wish to be lost. Why it is that I have the boldness to tell you of my love for you I know not; but I can not help it, and my good resolutions not to pain you by telling of a hopeless passion, have all gone to the winds, and I must speak, or else go mad, for I do love you, oh, so dearly!"

"Why is that love hopeless, Milo?"

"Good God! you do not mean it can be otherwise, Miss Menken?" and with a face white with emotion, Milo looked down into the upturned eyes which showed plainly that his love was not hopeless.

"I mean I love you, Milo," and the words were soft and earnest as the maiden spoke.

"Then may God in Heaven bless you, Lotta; your kindness to me is more than I deserve—"

"You saved me from a horrible death; have you not a claim upon me? a greater one than any one else in the world?"

"If you love me with the passion I feel for you, no earthly power should ever come between us; but to-morrow you leave, and a short while we must part, and in a few months I will come on to New York prepared to make a support for myself, and thereby prove worthy of your love."

Many plans were talked over between the lovers, for the future, and not until the ocean was hid by darkness did they return to the cabin.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARTING.

AT an early hour on the morning following the incidents related in the last chapter, the entire party on the island were assembled upon the beach, and preparations were making to go on board the sloop which was in readiness to start for Pensacola.

Farewells were exchanged between the party who were to leave and Ricardo and Theone, and then all went on board the little sloop, which at once got under way, and with Milo at the helm began to tack out through the dangerous channel toward the open sea.

Standing beside Milo was Lotta and her father, while Leo and Minturn stood amidships, watching the island as it gradually became more indistinct by distance, and varied were their thoughts as they remembered the hours they had passed in the company of the three mysterious occupants.

As bold rocks and half sunken reefs were visible around them, and they saw the dangers, which in broad daylight, and in a six-knot breeze, seemed to threaten the little vessel with destruction, they could not imagine how Milo and Theone had safely piloted them through the horrors of that awful night, when no ray of hope was theirs.

Soon the reefs were safely passed, and once in the open ocean the Ocean Spray spread her broad, white sails and darted forward upon her course.

The sloop was of about fifteen tons burden, and the cabin was roomy and quite comfortable, and Milo had spared no pains to add to it every convenience that would promote the greater comfort of Lotta, and the party under his skillful guidance felt satisfied that the danger of the voyage was greatly lessened, and looked forward to a speedy arrival at their destination.

Baffling winds detained the sloop, so that it was four days before they reached Pensacola; but to two of those on board the Ocean Spray the time was not tedious, and a regret filled the hearts of Milo and Lotta as the anchor was dropped in the harbor, and they knew that now they must part.

Milo hailed a fisherman, and the whole party were soon on shore, and went immediately to a hotel, where the young man asked for a private conversation with Captain Menken.

In that interview he told the captain of his love for Lotta, and requested that he might gain his consent to visit his daughter with the view to matrimony.

Captain Menken was a sensible man, and he greatly admired Milo, and, as Lotta had already spoken to him of her love for the young islander, he determined not to interfere in a matter where both seemed so deeply interested in each other, and promised Milo that, if he would give up his life on the island, come to New York, and there enter upon a useful career, he would promise him the hand of his daughter in one year.

With a heart overflowing with joy, Milo hastened to Lotta, and told her the good news, and then seeking out Leo, spoke to him about the whole affair, and was again made glad to know that the brother of the woman he loved also seemed willing to resign Lotta's happiness into his hands.

"And now," continued Leo, after having expressed his wishes to Milo, "let me tell you a secret; as you have placed confidence in me, I will tell you candidly of my regard for Theone, and how dearly I would love to gain her hand, and I beg that you use all your influence with her to that purpose. Promise me this, Milo, and I assure you I will endeavor all in my power to prove my appreciation of your kindness."

Milo made the promise, and, bidding an adieu to his new-found friends, he returned to his little sloop, set his sail, and, with his way lit up by a full moon, commenced his homeward bound voyage over the trackless ocean.

Brisk winds carried the solitary mariner across the waters, and in two days he sighted the island, and shortly after dark the little sloop was at anchor in the harbor, which a week before it had sailed from with its precious charge.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 122.)

Lightning Jo:

OR,

The Terror of the Santa Fe Trail.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER," "OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT IS IT?"

CAPTAIN SHIELDS might well give utterance to this exclamation, for just then his eyes were greeted with the most singular sight he had ever seen in all his life. He rubbed his eyes and stared, and finally turned to young Egbert Rodman, who just then crawled into the wagon.

"If I was a drinking man," said he, "I would swear that I had the jim-jams sure. Look out the wagon, Rodman, and tell me whether you see any thing unusual, or different from what we have been accustomed to look upon for the last day or two."

The young man did as requested, and the exclamation that escaped him convinced the somewhat nervous officer that his head was still level, and his brain was playing no fantastic freak with him.

The sight which greeted their eyes, and so excited their wonder, came first in the shape of a horse, which, walking slowly forward, steadily loomed up to view, until it stood directly on the border of the gulch, where, at a hundred yards distant, and with the clear sunlight bathing him, every outline was distinctly visible.

But it was not the horse, but that which was upon it, that so excited the wonder and speculations of those who saw him. Close scrutiny gave it the appearance of an animal standing upon all-fours upon the back of the horse, like Barnum's trained goat Alexis. It was, however, three times the size of that sagacious creature, and an Indian blanket was thrown over it, so that little more than the general outlines could be discerned.

This enveloping blanket reached to the neck of the "what is it?" leaving the head entirely exposed. This was round, and bullet-shaped, and moved in that restless, nervous way peculiar to animals. It seemed as black as coal, and resembled the head of one of those giant gorillas which Du Chaillu ran against in the wilds of Central Africa.

A strange chill crept over the two men, as they felt that this animal was looking steadily down upon the encampment, as if meditating a charge upon it, and only waiting to select the most vulnerable point.

The steed supporting this nondescript stood neither directly facing nor broadside toward the whites—but in such a position that their view could not have been better. The horse remained as stationary and motionless as if he were an image carved in bronze.

No other living creature being in sight, the eyes of the little band of defenders in Dead Man's Gulch were speedily fixed upon this strange phenomenon, and its movements were watched with an intensity of interest which it would be hard to describe.

"It is some Comanche deviltry," was the remark of Egbert Rodman, after he had surveyed the object for several minutes. "They have grown tired of running against our bullets, and are about to try some other means."

"But what sort of means is that?" asked the captain, who beyond question was a little nervous over what he saw.

"That is rather hard to tell, until we have some more developments; but you know that the red-skins, from their earliest history, have been noted for their ingenious tricks, by which they have outwitted their foes, and you may depend upon it that this is one of their contrivances, although I must say that I do not see the necessity for any such labored attempts as that, when they have every thing their own way; and, if they would only make a united and determined charge, we should all go under to a dead certainty."

Captain Shields, however, like many of the bravest men, was superstitious, and he was inclined to believe that there was something supernatural in the appearance of this thing, and, although he hesitated to say so, yet he looked upon it as having a most direful significance concerning himself and his friends.

Still the horse remained perfectly motionless, and the quadruped, with the blanket thrown over his back, was steadily gazing down upon them, from his perch upon the back of another quadruped.

The profound stillness that then reigned over the prairie and in Dead Man's Gulch was rather deepened by the sound of the faintest, most distant report of a gun that seemed to have come from some point miles and miles away, in the direction of Fort Adams, proving plainly that the pursuit of the flying messenger was not yet given over.

Egbert Rodman concluded that there was a very easy and speedy way of settling the business of convincing the awed captain that there was nothing possessed by this curious animal that was not the common possession of his race. As he stood, partly turned toward him, he could not have desired a better target for a carefully-aimed rifle, and he determined to tumble him from the back of the horse, and thus put a speedy end to that bugbear of the captain's.

Without saying a word as to his intentions, he carefully thrust the muzzle of his rifle through the aperture in the canvas of the wagon, and sighted at about where he supposed the seat of life to be. He held his aim only long enough to make certain, and then pulled the trigger, and looked out to see the "what is it?" pitch to the ground, and reveal his particular identity in his death-struggles before their eyes.

But what did he see? The creature, standing in precisely the same posture, and looking steadily down upon them, as unmoved as though such a thing as a gun had never been invented.

But Egbert, although very much astounded, was not yet prepared to admit that the nondescript was impregnable against a good Springfield rifle, even if those about him were under a superstitious spell.

And so, with the same steadiness of eye and nerve, he reached out and took a second rifle from beside him, and shoved this through the "port-hole."

The same unexceptionable target remained, and he resolved that *this* time there should be no failure. He was a good marksman, and he made certain aim, while more than one breathlessly watched the result.

The same as before! Not a sign of the thing being harmed in the least!

"Shoot no more!" said Captain Shields, in an awed voice; "there is nothing mortal about it! It is sent to warn us of what is so close at hand!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE COMANCHES ARE COMING."

WHEN Egbert Rodman fired and missed the second time at the apparition at the top of the gulch, his emotions were certainly of the most uncomfortable kind.

He was now certain that in both instances he had hit it fairly and plumply in the very point aimed at, and it was equally certain that he had not harmed it in any way.

The mustang did not stir an inch, nor did any movement upon the part of its strange rider indicate that he or it was sensible of the slightest disturbance from the two bullets that had been aimed at its life. Clearly then it was useless to waste any more precious ammunition upon it, when it was simply throwing it away.

Still Egbert was too intelligent and well educated to share fully the belief of Captain Shields, although he could not avoid a cold chill, as he proceeded to reload his two discharged pieces, for, to say the least, it was inexplicable, and no man can feel at ease when face to face with a danger which proves to be invulnerable against effort upon his part.

With the exception of Egbert, the other men believed the same as did their captain, and the vim and spirit that had marked their courageous defense up to this point, now deserted them, as the sad, despairing conviction imparted itself to each—that all hope was now gone, and they had but to wait the coming of inevitable doom.

The mustang with the moveless apparition upon it deepened the spell of terror that rested upon the whites, by starting down the hill in the direction of the encampment. He walked with a slow, deliberate tread, like a war-horse stepping at the funeral of his master, and it may be said that the blood of the staring bordermen froze in terror at the sight.

Undoubtedly their senses would so far have left them, that they either would have dashed out of the gulch, or cowered down in terror behind their barricades, like children frightened at the approach of some hobgoblin.

But this last great calamity was spared them; for, while yet at a considerable distance, the mustang came to a sudden and dead halt, paused a moment, and then with a snort of alarm, turned about and dashed away at headlong speed.

The mustang was gone so speedily that there were many who were not aware of the manner in which he had made his exit, and were ready to believe that he had vanished like a vision of the night—a proceeding in perfect keeping with their idea of the phenomenon itself.

The hours dragged wearily by until noon came and passed, and not a sign of an Indian had been seen, nor had the frightful apparition reappeared. When the survivors saw that the sun had really crossed the meridian, there were several who began to feel the faintest revival of hope, while one or two were inclined to believe that the Comanches had withdrawn in a body and would be seen no more—discouraged by the desperate resistance they had encountered, and the escape of the messenger, and the probable coming of a body of cavalry from Fort Adams.

While Egbert Rodman could not share in this belief, yet, to relieve the suspense which oppressed all, he determined to pass outside the encampment and learn whether or not there was any foundation for such belief.

Of course, great risk was incurred by doing this, but all had become used to risks, and he leaped from the wagon and ran at quite a rapid rate up the hill, the entire group watching him with an interest scarcely less than that with which they had scrutinized the approach of the apparition.

The relaxation in the vigilance of the Indians had been taken advantage of by the whites, especially by the women and children, the latter of whom, with the innocence

of their age, were running back and forth and frolicking, with as much gayety as if playing upon the green at home, with no thought of death in their minds.

"That chap will never get any sense in his head till it is put there by a bullet," remarked Captain Shields, as he stood attentively watching his young friend, secretly admiring, in spite of his words, the intrepidity which he had displayed from the first.

"Why did you permit him to go?"

The voice at his elbow was low and soft, and as he turned his head he saw the pale face of Lizzie Manning looking up in his own with a reproving look.

"Good heavens! I didn't permit it; the first thing I knew, I seen him jump out of the wagon and start up the hill. Didn't I try to stop him when he was after that red devil with his canteen, and what good did it do?"

"It seems to me that it would be so easy for him to run directly to his death."

"So it would, and for that matter, it would be powerful easy for any of us to do the same; but he's about to the top of the gulch," added the captain, turning away to watch his progress.

Such was the case, and every voice was now hushed, and every eye was fixed upon Rodman, as he slackened his gait, and, stooping down, made his way as stealthily to the top of the declivity as the most veteran scout could have done.

When he should reach there and look around, all knew that he would give a signal which, indeed, would be that of life and death to them.

They marked him as he crept on his hands and knees to the very top, and then, removing his cap, peered over. Then he rose partly to his feet and turned his head in different directions, and just as the trembling whites were beginning to take heart again, he suddenly wheeled about, and came running down the gulch like a madman, waving his hand and shouting something to his friends which was incomprehensible from his very excitement.

"Back to the wagon, every one of you!" commanded Captain Shields, turning to the women. "Don't wait a second! That means that the Comanches are coming! To your stations, boys! and let us die like men!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST DAY IN DEAD MAN'S GULCH.

ONLY a few seconds, and Egbert Rodman was in the middle of the encampment, breathless and wild.

"The whole horde of Indians are coming back!" he called out, as soon as he could frame the words. "They are but a short distance away and will be here in the next minute!"

The words had scarcely been uttered when the borders of the gulch were swarming with yelling Comanches. The women had barely time to scramble under shelter, when the red-skins were upon them.

"Fire, as you can load and aim!" called out Captain Shields, while yet his men were leaping to their places. "Don't wait, but let them have it! We may as well die fighting like men!"

Crack! crack! barked the rifles of the scouts, in a regular fusilade among the horsemen, the fatal results being instantly seen, in the Comanches here and there dropping from the backs of their mustangs.

This destructive fire accomplished the best thing possible, in that it prevented the wholesale charge that was so much to be dreaded; as it could not fail to be deadly fatal almost on the instant.

The incessant sleet of bullets sent into the ranks of the red-skins created an unexpected confusion, and just as our friends had reached the last round of their ammunition, they fell back out of range, and dismounting, crept to the edge of the gulch, and began firing down upon the encampment just as the scouts themselves would have done had the position been reversed.

Despite the exaggerated assertion of the startled Egbert, as he dashed into the camp, Captain Shields became well satisfied from the glimpse he had gained, that the Comanche force was divided, and he was now fighting against only a portion of those, against whom he had been pitted heretofore—the others, as he rightly suspected, having followed on in the pursuit of the flying messenger, and with the purpose of entrapping and ambuscading the cavalry that would be sent, in all probability, to the rescue of the little band of whites.

But there was little consolation to be derived from this discovery—as there were certainly over a hundred Comanches at hand, and they unquestionably had the power, when they should choose to put it forth, to crush out of existence himself and every one of his brave men. One single determined charge—a few minutes' appalling conflict around the wagons—and then not a man need be left to tell the awful tale of the last appalling massacer of Dead Man's Gulch.

The red-skins kept up the cautious policy of lying flat upon their faces, just over the edge of the ravine, and aiming deliberately down into the encampment. By this time the canvas of the wagons was riddled, and knowing pretty well at what points to aim, the greatest caution was necessary upon the part of the scouts to escape the bullets that were flying all about them.

Fully a dozen of these merciless wretches directed their exclusive attention to the wagon which they knew contained the helpless members of the party, and such a steady fire was kept up on it, that the canvas in a few minutes looked like a sieve, pierced in every part by bullets, many of which imbedded themselves in the impenetrable planks of which the wagon body was composed.

This was the first time since the opening of this dreadful siege that such a demonstration was made, and the unrelenting malignity which characterized it, excited the wonder of the scouts, who believed that the Comanches were so infuriated at the losses already suffered, that some of the survivors who may have lost their closest relatives, were bent upon exterminating every one, man, woman and child, without awaiting what might be considered the inevitable capture of the females.

But provision had been made against this very thing from the first. The sides of the vehicle, behind the canvas, had been walled up with packages and bundles, in such a skillful fashion, that so long as the little party could be made to keep between them and near the center of the wagon body, they were as impervious to the rifle-shots as if incased in an iron-clad of the navy.

This steady stream of fire from the boundary of the gulch continued until the greater portion of the day had passed. So long as it continued without any concentration upon the part of the Comanches, Captain Shields was satisfied, for nothing short of a cannonade could demolish the barricades that had withstood such a terrific fire for so many hours.

With the sole purpose of preventing any *coup d'etat* upon the part of the red-skins, the intrepid captain called to his men to send a shot among them now and then, taking care, however, that in every case the rifleman discharged his gun at a fair target.

These opportunities fortunately for our friends were few, and they were thus saved the fatal revelation that could have had but one terrible result upon the part of the valiant defenders.

Captain Shields was thus kept so incessantly employed, both in body and mind, that he had little time in which to think of the apparition, and the ominous warning which he fervently believed it foreshadowed; but, now and then, in the heat of the conflict, it came to him with its dreadful depression of spirits, and made him sigh and wish that the "last minute" would come and the agony end.

This fearful fire continued until darkness descended upon the prairie, and when the light failed, a lull came so sudden as to cause a ringing and peculiar lightness of the head that almost drove away the senses of those that remained.

Captain Shields waited a few minutes, and finding a possibility of this quiet lasting for a short time, he determined to make the round, and exchange a few words with his friends. He was alone in the wagon, which he had chosen for his sentry-box, and stealing cautiously out, he hurried across the clearing to that containing the women and children. He found them stunned, paralyzed and nearly dead from the awful ordeal through which they had passed, but a little inquiry proved them all untouched by the bullets that had been sent so inhumanly after them.

Then he made the rounds of the other vehicles, and a blood-chilling discovery awaited him. Out of the five defenders besides himself—only one, Egbert Rodman, remained alive, the other four having been struck and killed by the balls of the Comanches!

"What is the use?" said the stunned officer, as he took the hand of the young man and helped him out upon the green sward; "we two are the only ones left, and I have fired my last round of ammunition, even to my pistols."

"So have I," returned Egbert; "we may as well go to the women and die defending them. The last moment is at hand."

"It is here!" said Captain Shields, in a clear voice. "Look! there they come!"

As he spoke, he pointed up the sides of the gulch, where in the dim light of the early night, the horsemen were seen gathering for the final charge. The next moment it came!

CHAPTER XV.

THE RESCUE.

THE next moment a strange, wild yell broke the stillness, or rather sounded above the thunder of the horses' hoofs, and the two men, standing sullenly by the wagon in the center of the encampment, and awaiting their doom, like those who having done all that was possible, could now do nothing else.

Again that indescribable yell rung out over the prairie, and Captain Shields straightened himself like a flash, and gave a gasp of amazement if not terror.

"Did you hear that, Egbert?" he demanded, clutching the arm of the half-stupefied man at his side. "By heavens! they are not Indians, but Lightning Jo and his men from Fort Adams!"

The next minute the clearing within the encampment was filled by a score of men, who, leaping from their horses, and leaving them outside the circle of wagons, came rushing in upon the little party from every direction.

"Helloa! here, where are you?" shouted the famous scout; "this ain't a game of hide and seek. Come out and show yourselves!"

This was uttered in a cheery, hearty way, but mingled with the voice could have been detected a tone of awe and dread, like one who in reality was afraid to hear the same answer which he had demanded.

"Here we are," replied Captain Shields, as he and Rodman walked forward to meet their deliverers.

"But the rest of you? where are they? Speak quick, old fellow," added Jo, taking the hand of the two, both of whom were his acquaintances; "we are in a hurry, and want to hear all that is to be heard."

"There they are," returned Egbert, pointing to the wagons; "some are beneath them, and some are within them, but every one is dead!"

"What!" exclaimed Lightning Jo; "you had women and children with you! they are not all gone? I heard that Lizzie Manning, the sweetest little gal in Santa Fe, or anywhere else, was with you. Where is *she?*"

"Oh, she is all right," returned Captain Shields, who had misunderstood the full import of the question; "they are unharmed."

But by this time Gibbons, who knew just where to look for them, called out that they were safe, and he and many of the soldiers gathered about the wagon to congratulate and give them what assistance was in their power.

Their kindnesses were needed, for during the latter portion of this day all had suffered the most agonizing thirst, the scant supply, which had been furnished them so unexpectedly, lasting but a short time, and then seeming to intensify that intolerable craving that drives the strongest man mad, until all were overcome by a sort of stupor, in which they were sensible only of dull, yearning pain, that could not be quieted.

Expecting as much, the soldiers were prepared, and more than one canteen of cool, refreshing, delicious and reviving water was offered to the suffering women and children, and almost instantly new life was imparted to all, and they awoke to a realizing sense of their position, and to the fact that they had been rescued.

"Are you there, Lizzie?" asked Lightning Jo, crowding forward, and peering among the group, who were dismounting from the vehicle that had proven such a friendly shelter and fort to them. "Helloa! I see you! Thank the good Lord! I was very much afeard I'd be too late to save your sweet self."

And taking the half-fainting girl in his long, brawny arms, he pressed her to his heart and kissed her cheek, just as affectionately and gratefully as he would have done had she been his only daughter restored to life.

And poor Lizzie, now that she saw that the awful danger had passed, could not prevent her woman's nature from asserting itself. Resting her head upon the bosom of the brave-hearted scout, she could only sob in the utter abandonment of feeling. She knew that so long as Lightning Jo stood near her there was nothing to be feared from any mortal danger that walked this earth; and the tense point to which her mind had been strung for so long a time, now fully reacted, and she became as weak and helpless as the youngest of the children, who were beginning to awake from their stupor. And so, without attempting to speak, she simply sobbed, and allowed her friend to support her in his arms.

The rest of the cavalry were not idle. They made a circuit of the wagons, and, as they learned the dreadful truth, something like a heart sickness and awe quieted their boisterous voices, and they conversed in low tones, some muttering curses against the red scourges of the plains, while others expressed their sympathy for the brave men who had perished before relief came.

The life of the soldiers on the frontier is such as to accustom them to the most revolting evidences of the cruelty of the Indians; but there were thoughts that were suggested to the cavalry, by the sight in Dead Man's Gulch, such as did not often come to them.

The long-continued and heroic defense of the little party, the torment of thirst, the vain attacks of the ferocious Comanches, the unflinching bravery of men and women, the steady dropping of the scouts until only ten were left, the total giving out of the ammunition, and then the sullen despair, in which the last defenders awaited the last charge: these pictures came up to the minds of the cavalrymen in more vivid colors than they can to the reader who has seen nothing of the wild, daring life of the frontier.

Gibbons quickly told his story to his friends. After the diversion created by Lightning Jo's scrimmage with the Comanches among the hills, he and his men had put their horses to the full run, and reached the neighborhood of Dead Man's Gulch just as the lull in the conflict occurred. It was their purpose to charge down upon the red-skins, and give them a taste of vengeance, such as they had not yet encountered; but the cautious Swico had his scouts out, and the approach of the cavalry was signaled to him while they were yet a long way off.

In the hope of still accomplishing something, the majority of the cavalry started in pursuit of the Comanches, while Lightning Jo and a score of his friends hurried on to Dead Man's Gulch, where the chief interest now lay.

The horses of the soldiers were already exhausted, and they were speedily compelled to return, after having exchanged a few shots with the band of Swico Chequa, as they skurried away in the darkness.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

THERE were too many horrors hanging around Dead Man's Gulch for the whites to spend any more time there than was necessary. Several of the wagons were overturned upon each other, and then fired, and by the aid of this huge bonfire, which sent a glow out upon the prairie for miles, like the rays of the Eddystone light-house over the ocean, they set about their work of mercy.

In one of the wagons were placed all the bodies of those who had fallen, and the other was fitted up in the most comfortable manner for the women and children. To these several of the cavalry attached their horses, and making sure that every thing that could be of any possible use to the Comanches was burned, the rescuing party started out of the ravine, which was ever afterward to cause a shudder whenever memory recalled the awful experiences to which they were there doomed.

The moon had only fairly risen when the procession slowly wended its way out from the gulch, and off across the prairie, in the direction of Fort Adams. They were indeed what they looked to be, a funeral procession, and another vivid comment upon the terrible errors which have governed the associations of the white and red-men from the very first meeting, nearly four hundred years ago.

The dragging of the two heavily-laden wagons across the prairie could but be a tedious and wearisome task, and in all probability would not be completed until the second day after starting. Of course there was a possibility that Swico would return to the attack, if a suitable occasion should offer, but it was not deemed necessary that the entire one hundred men should remain to escort them into the fort.

And so when the eighty rode back from the fruitless pursuit of the main body of Indians, the arrangements were made for dividing the company, it being well known that Colonel Greaves could ill afford to spare so many men, and would be pleased if such a course could be carried out without any ill results flowing therefrom.

But, first of all, the steeds and their riders needed rest after the tremendous charge over the prairie, and less than a mile from Dead Man's Gulch, where a sparkling stream of cold water wandered through a grove of trees, the camp was made for the night, the sentinels being stationed at every point, and such precautions made, as to cause every one to feel perfectly safe against any disturbance from the malignant red-skins, who had too much discretion to rush in where they knew they would be only too gladly received by the cavalry.

Several fires were kindled in the grove, and food cooked, the camping ground being one of the most pleasant that could possibly have been chosen, as there was an abundance of rich succulent grass for their animals, and every thing that could be needed by their riders.

At one of these fires, a little apart from the rest, were three persons, engaged in the most pleasant converse. The long, lank figure, stretched lazily upon the ground, supporting himself upon his elbow, was Lightning Jo, at his ease, with his nature all "unbent" and his humorous self at the surface. As he talked, his black eyes sparkled, and his handsome white teeth were constantly exposed as he asked some question, or made some reply to Egbert Rodman and Lizzie Manning, who were seated upon the opposite side of the fire, rather closer together than was absolutely necessary, chatting with each other and with the scout, who kept "chaffing" them so continuously that they had little opportunity for any private conference of their own.

"You may as well wait, younkers," said Jo. "I don't object to your squeezing each other's hands, jest as you tried a minute ago, when you thought I warn't looking; but you needn't try to talk to each other when I'm about. So wait, I tell yer, till some other time, for you ain't going to get rid of me till you bunk up for the night."

"No one wants to get rid of you," retorted Lizzie, as a blush suffused her face, and her eyes sparkled in the firelight. What do we care for you? I have no wish for any private talk with Egbert."

"Of course not; nor he with you; any fool can see that in both your looks, 'specially in his. But that's always the way. I had an aunt once that always was interfering when any young dunces got to fooling round. She had a son, that she thought all the world of. He had learned the shoemaker's trade, and when he was about forty or forty-five, he got tender on a cross-eyed girl, with red hair, that lived near him, and he went for her. My aunt didn't like it a bit, and done all she could to break it up. She said, if her boy would only wait till he got to be a man, she wouldn't object, if he would pick out a young lady for her worth instead of for her beauty, as he had done. She done every thing to torment the poor feller, giving him medicine to make him sick when he had a 'special appointment with her, sewing big patches all over his coat, so that he was ashamed to wear it, and locking him in his room and giving him a good strapping when he got sassy and gave her any of his lip.

"Cousin Josh didn't mind that much, as he said the old woman had been a little peculiar ever since he had been 'quainted with her; but there was one thing that he couldn't get used to, and that was her way of bouncing down upon him and his senorita, just as they were beginning to act like you two folks, and thought nobody wasn't looking on. Three times, Josh told me, he had got down on his knees and clasped his hands and shut his eyes, and was making his proposal to his lady, and was just in the sweetest part, when he opened his eyes and saw his mother standing afore him with a sweet smile upon her countenance, and more than once, when he reached out his arm to put around the young lady's waist, it went over the old woman's neck, who was a-listening near, and who cuffed his ears for being such a fool.

"Josh stood it as long as he could, but finally he got even with her."

"In what way?" inquired Egbert.

"He got a big skyrocket made, and fastened it to the old lady's dress, and got a little boy to touch off the fuse. The last seen of my aunt she was whizzing and bobbing through the air, until she went out of sight. As she never came down ag'in, Josh wasn't bothered any more, and he went on with his courtship and at last got married and lived happy, as such a good boy deserved to be."

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE BRINK.

THE sentinels on duty at the grove, detected more than once through the night the Comanches prowling around the encampment; but they evidently saw enough to convince them that it wouldn't pay to disturb the sleepers, and so they slept on, on, till the bright summer sun pierced the camp, and all was active again. Then, as the preparations were made for resuming the journey to Fort Adams, and a careful reconnoissance of the surrounding prairie was made, not a shadow of a red-skin could be seen.

"I was in hopes that I could get a crack at Swico," remarked Lightning Jo, as he rode at the head of the company, with Egbert Rodman and Lizzie Manning by his side, he insisting upon her keeping him company when no danger was thereby incurred, as he declared there was no telling when such an opportunity would be given him again, and, as a matter of course, she was only too happy to comply with his wishes.

"I was saying that I had hopes of getting even with Swico, and he and me have an account that must be squared one of these days, but I wasn't given the chance to draw a bead on his shadow. Howsumever, we'll get square one of these days, as my uncle used to remark, when he cheated me out of my last cent, and then kicked me out doors when I asked him for a trifle. They've got some purty big devils among the Comanches, but I think Swico goes ahead of 'em all. Do you know what sort of ornament he has made for himself, and which he thinks more of than any thing he ever had?"

The two replied that they never heard mention of it.

"He wears a shirt of buck-skin, made without the usual ornaments of beads and porcupine-quills, but hung with a full, long fringe *formed from the hair of white women and children.* You needn't look so horrified!" the scout hastened to add, as he noted the expression upon the faces of his friends. "I've sent word to Swico that him and me could never square accounts till I got hold of that same thing, and I never can get hold of it till I wipe the owner out, so you can see how *that* thing has got to be settled atween us."

"And if you hadn't come to Dead Man's Gulch, as you did, that fringe would have been ornamented with *my* tresses," said Lizzie, looking with an awed, grateful look to her preserver.

"I s'pose," was the matter-of-fact reply; "the old scamp was expecting me, and I wonder that he waited. But he sloped, when some of his scouts sent him word that we was coming. Howsumever, what's the use of talking? I don't see as you've got any reason to think any thing about him."

"Where do you suppose this Comanche chief and his band are now?" inquired Egbert.

"Off over the prairie somewhere, looking for more women and children. That's his *forte,* as they say down in Santa Fe, and I rather reckon that there are plenty more in the same boat with him."

The subject, at the present time, seemed distasteful to Lightning Jo. The fight was over, and he considered all danger at an end, and despite the bier with its awful load, that followed in the rear of the cavalcade, he seemed to feel a certain buoyancy of spirits that was constantly struggling for expression in his words and manner.

The morning was clear and bracing, and but for the lumbering wagons, the whole party would have been bounding forward at a rate that would have carried them to Fort Adams within the next few hours.

No interruption occurred until noon, when a halt was made for dinner, the cavalry being provided with sufficient rations to make it unnecessary to use the rifle in quest of game.

By the middle of the afternoon, they were within a dozen miles of the fort; and, as there had been no signs of Indians visible since starting in the morning, it was concluded to be no violation of prudence for the main body to gallop on to their destination, leaving the wagons to follow at their leisure, it being confidently expected that they would come into the stockade shortly after nightfall.

Lightning Jo and a dozen of the best men, including Gibbons, Captain Shields and Rodman, remained with the smaller party. All were mounted, fully armed and provided with an abundance of ammunition, so that no one felt any misgiving as to the result of this proceeding, which at first sight might seem imprudent in the highest degree. In case any formidable body of Indians should put in an appearance, and it was deemed best to avoid a fight, the wagons could be abandoned, and the women and children taken upon the horses with the men, and the flight would be as rapid and sure as could be desired.

Nothing but the sternest necessity could induce Lightning Joe and his party to abandon their dead friends to mutilation and outrage at the hands of the Comanches; but they deemed that necessity so remote as scarcely to require a thought, and so they separated, and the main body rapidly vanished from view.

A few miles further on, the prairie was broken up in ridges and hills of such size as to merit the name of mountains, and Jo declared that several miles could be saved by passing through these. He had done so several times, and knew of a pass through which the wagons could be drawn with as much ease as upon the open plain.

Before entering this, however, he displayed his usual caution by galloping ahead and making a reconnoissance, from which he returned with the announcement that nothing in the shape of Indians was to be feared.

"There seems to be a heavy storm coming," he added, as he glanced up at the darkening sky, "but we can stand that in the mountains as well as upon the prairies; so let's go ahead."

As the little company rode into the ravine, and marked the ominous gathering of the elements, more than one was sensible of a singular depression of spirits—a strange, chilling foreboding such as sometimes comes over us when standing beneath some impending calamity.

And indeed, had Lightning Jo suspected the appalling danger which was already gathering over his brave band, he would have gone a thousand miles before venturing a rod into that ravine!

(*To be continued—commenced in No.* 121.)

ROYAL KEENE,
THE
California Detective:
OR,
The Witches of New York.
ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.
BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "A OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPPA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEATING 'GAINST THE BARS.

OBEDIENT to Bishop's call, Coralie and the old savant descended from the carriage.

Van Rensselaer—the heavy beard concealing half of his face, his hat pulled down over his brows, and a lighted candle in his hand—met them in the doorway.

He turned as they approached and led the way up the stairs.

Coralie and the old man followed, while Bishop remained behind at the foot of the stairs; but, as soon as the light of the candle disappeared around the angle of the wall, he ascended the stairs with cautious steps.

The young girl did not for a moment dream that the dark-bearded man with the candle was the wealthy New Yorker, David Van Rensselaer.

David opened the door of the room known as No. 1. A candle was burning within on the table.

Coralie and Hartright entered the room.

It was plainly—scantily furnished. A common table and two chairs were in the center of the apartment; a torn and rusty-looking sofa against the wall, and that was all.

Coralie cast a glance of amazement around; evidently she had not expected to behold so desolate a place. But before she could express her astonishment in words, if her intention had been to do so, Van Rensselaer spoke.

"Can I speak with you, Miss?"

And without waiting for her reply he proceeded into the entry.

Coralie started; she had recognized the voice, but the disguise puzzled her. Rapidly though she recovered her composure, and turned toward the old gentleman.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied, and he seated himself beside the table.

"I will return in a moment."

Then Coralie passed into the entry, closing the door behind her.

Van Rensselaer had placed the candle upon a little stand which stood in one corner of the entry, and with folded arms stood regarding her.

A quick, anxious glance Coralie cast into his impassive face; naught there could she read.

"David Van Rensselaer, have you deceived me?" she cried, a sudden and horrible suspicion taking possession of her mind.

"Deceived you—how?" he asked, coolly.

"This place," she answered, slowly, her eyes wandering around, noting the squalid walls and the discolored, uneven floor.

"Well, what of it?"

"Where am I?" she demanded, abruptly, and a flash of angry light shone in her clear eyes.

"What earthly difference can that possibly make to you?" he asked, evading the question; there was a slight touch of sarcasm apparent in his voice.

"David Van Rensselaer, you have deceived me! I am sure of it!" she exclaimed, a crimson flush gathering upon the brow and cheeks hid by the dark vail.

"If you are sure of it, I will not attempt to argue the point with you," Van Rensselaer said, in his calm, quiet way, and, as he spoke, he removed the beard from his face.

"And why did you assume a disguise?"

"Oh, that is common at a masquerade," he answered.

"Do not trifle with me!" the girl exclaimed, annoyed at his tone and manner. "We are not at a masquerade now."

"Yet you wear the disguise which you assumed for the masquerade; the vail even still conceals your features."

"David Van Rensselaer, will you answer my question?" she cried, impatiently. "Tell me at once what and where is this place, and for what purpose have you tricked me into coming hither?"

"How very curious you are to-night," he replied, in a tone of banter.

"Will you answer me?" she demanded, sternly.

"Yes."

There was a peculiar glitter in his eyes as he pronounced the simple word—a glitter, snake-like in its gleam. For the first time the suspicion came into the mind of the young girl that Van Rensselaer, with all his courtly polish, roused to action would prove a dangerous foe.

"You have asked me direct questions, and you shall have direct answers," he said, coldly, quietly, but with a strange, metallic ring in his voice. "In the first place, I have deceived you. I have used you as an instrument by which to accomplish certain things. I wished the old man in yonder room to come here; by your aid he has been induced to come. Now I wish you to aid me still further. In a few minutes a servant will bring a bottle of wine into yonder room. You must induce the old gentleman to drink, but you must be careful not to drink yourself, for the wine is drugged."

"Drugged? Oh, heaven!" exclaimed the girl, in horror.

Van Rensselaer went on in his speech without apparently heeding the interruption.

"After the wine takes effect, which it will do speedily, and the old man falls asleep, you must warn me. I shall be in waiting outside the door; then take your place in the carriage. In a few minutes I will bring the old man. You shall be driven to your home, and he to his. That is all."

"What terrible purpose have you in view?" Coralie asked, breathlessly.

"The folly of asking such a question as that!" Van Rensselaer exclaimed, impatiently. "What terrible purpose I have? The old man drinks a glass of wine, then falls asleep. When he awakes he will find himself upon his own bed in his hotel. The events of the night, dating from the masquerade, will appear to him only as a disordered dream."

"You can not deceive me!" the girl cried, suddenly. "You have some deep purpose in this. This is no foolish wager, but a subtle plot. I can not guess what it is; I do not care to know. But, one thing I will do, and that is, baffle your design. I will return to yonder room, not to urge the stranger to drink your drugged wine, but to reveal to him the plot of which he has been the victim, and aid him to escape from it."

"Golden words from lips of flesh," Van Rensselaer said, dryly, not a whit alarmed. "What a shame it is that you can not carry out such an admirable design."

"And who will prevent me from carrying it out?" she asked, scornfully.

"Your humble servant," he replied, quietly.

"You?"

"No one else."

"You shall not fetter my tongue!" she cried, quickly. "You have been skillful enough to entrap me into aiding your scheme thus far, but now my eyes are open, and I will act as your decoy no longer. I will warn this stranger of his danger, and save him from it."

She turned as if to go, but Van Rensselaer's strong hand was upon her wrist and stayed her.

"Oh, no, you will not," he said, not a trace of excitement in his voice. "You will do exactly as I say—carry out my plans to the letter."

"Never!" the girl cried, indignantly, making an effort to free herself from his grasp.

"I tell you that you will do my bidding. Do you know that you are in one of the worst dens in all great New York—a dance-house in Water street? If you doubt my words, descend the stairs and you can behold the festive scene by simply opening a door. If you refuse to do as I say, I will tear the vail from your face and call the rabble below to look upon the famous actress, Coralie York. To-morrow the report of your visit to John Allen's den will be in every newspaper in the city, and a rare bit of news it will be for your friends."

Coralie's heart sunk within her, as she comprehended how utterly she was in the power of the man who held her wrist with a grasp of iron.

Her breath came thick and fast; vainly she tried to devise some method of escape.

"Come, your answer," he said; "why hesitate? Do you think that I want to murder the man?"

"But, why do you do this?" she asked, almost mechanically.

"That is my business, and not yours," he answered, harshly; "but I swear to you that I mean him no harm."

"Oh, what a dreadful scheme you have lured me into," the girl moaned.

"You consent?"

"I must; I am helpless in your power," she murmured.

"The wine will be here soon; remember my instructions."

With a heavy heart, Coralie re-entered the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

VAN RENSSELAER watched her until the closing door hid her from his sight, then a scornful smile came over his face.

"The foolish girl," he muttered, "to attempt to measure wits with me. I laid my plans too carefully for that. Decoy she said: no longer act as my decoy; how aptly she put it. She could not have named the part I have forced her to play better. She, in this affair, *is* my decoy-duck to lure the field-bird within range of my fire. She would fain spread her wings and fly—to carry out the simile—but I have clipped them too closely," and Van Rensselaer laughed merrily to himself.

"Now for Bishop and the wine," he muttered.

And even with the word, Bishop's head came peering round the angle in the entry.

"All correct?" he asked, cautiously.

"Yes, she was a little obstinate when she found out the programme, but at last she yielded and agreed to carry it out."

"You persuaded her, then?"

"Yes, *persuaded* her," and Van Rensselaer laughed—a grim laugh with more of scorn than of merriment in it. "I threatened to tear the vail from her face and call up the dance-house rabble below to a look at her."

"And that fetched her?" Bishop asked, in wonder.

"Yes, instantly."

"She must amount to something?" and Bishop in his own mind wondered who she could possibly be.

"She amounts to enough to wish that all New York shouldn't know that she has visited this dance-house to-night," Van Rensselaer answered.

"Do you know that her voice is very familiar to me?" Bishop said, thoughtfully. "I heard her speak when she got out of the carriage and I'll take my affidavit that I've heard her voice somewhere before. I've been puzzling my brains to remember where it was."

"And can't you discover?"

"No."

Van Rensselaer looked relieved. He did not care to have Bishop discover who Coralie was.

"Probably only a chance resemblance," he said, carelessly. "But now will you tell the landlord to send up the wine?"

"Yes; I'll bring it up myself; it's just as well that the old buffer shouldn't see any of the dance-house people or any one of them see him."

"That is a wise thought of yours."

Hardly had Van Rensselaer finished his speech when the wick of the candle, which he had placed upon the little stand in the entry, with a hiss and sputter, went out. The candle had burned low and had fallen through into the socket.

"From light to darkness," said Bishop, sententiously.

"It makes no difference," Van Rensselaer replied.

"Not a mite; particularly as I've got a bull's-eye lantern in my pocket."

"That's lucky!"

"Always just as well to have such things along in a game of this kind," Bishop said, sagaciously.

"Hush!" cried Van Rensselaer, suddenly, grasping Bishop by the shoulder.

That gentleman had just struck a match upon the sole of his boot and ignited the lantern wick.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in a whisper.

"I thought I heard a noise upon the stairs."

"A noise!"

"Yes, as if some one was ascending cautiously."

"What reason could any one have?"

"Only to spy upon us."

"That's so, by jingo!"

The two listened attentively for a few moments.

All was still, except that now and then the shrill squeak of a violin and the shuffle of heavy feet accompanied by boisterous peals of laughter came indistinctly up the staircase.

"Well—I don't hear any thing," Bishop said, in a whisper, after a long pause.

"Because the person coming up has stopped, alarmed perhaps lest we should discover him," Van Rensselaer said. "If my ears did not deceive me some one is playing the spy upon us."

Again there was a long silence, broken at last by Van Rensselaer clutching Bishop by the arm and whispering cautiously in his ear:

"Hark! didn't you hear it that time? Didn't you hear that board creak? I tell you some one is watching us!" Van Rensselaer said, in a tone wherein no doubt was expressed.

"It looks like it," Bishop answered.

"Suppose we seize the intruder and see who it is?"

"Flash the lantern upon his face?" Bishop asked.

"Yes."

"It sounds like a woman's footsteps," Bishop said, after listening for a moment.

The soft footfalls coming slowly but steadily up the rotten, broken stairs could now be distinctly heard by both watchers on the upper platform.

"All ready?" Van Rensselaer questioned, as the sound of the footsteps came nearer and nearer.

"Yes."

A few seconds more and the footsteps, almost as noiseless in their tread as the velvet paws of a cat, fell upon the boards of the landing.

The two ambushed in the darkness, almost held their breath as though they feared that the very sound of their breathing might betray their presence, and warn the stealthy-treading spy.

A few seconds more and the light of the bull's-eye lantern flashed out upon the darkness of the entry.

A sudden spring, and Van Rensselaer grappled with the velvet-footed intruder.

He had sprung upon the dark figure before the light of the lantern had fully made known to him who or what it was. Great, therefore, was his astonishment to grasp a man robed in a skin-dress, and swayed unsteadily to and fro without making an effort to escape.

Then Bishop flashed the bright blaze of the lantern full upon the face of the stealthy stranger. Van Rensselaer beheld the features of an Indian.

He released his prisoner in astonishment, and Bishop chuckled quietly to himself.

"An Indian!" Van Rensselaer muttered, in wonder.

The Indian essayed to straighten himself up, which was quite a difficult feat for the noble son of the wilderness to accomplish, for his unsteady gait plainly betrayed that he had been indulging in the fire-water of the white man. Then he beat his breast with his hand as he proclaimed his name and tribe:

"Big chief — Pawnee-killer — Yancton Sioux!" said the Indian, in a deep, guttural voice.

Van Rensselaer looked at Bishop for an explanation.

"It's all right," Bishop exclaimed; "he's only a tame Indian that hangs out round the dance-house; perfectly harmless; drunk 'bout all the time."

"Big Injine!" exclaimed the savage, gravely; "like white man heap—me want rum," and the noble red-man looked inquiringly into the face of the two who had so unceremoniously accosted him.

"Do you suppose this fellow could have overheard any of our conversation as he ascended the stairs?" Van Rensselaer asked, in a low tone of Bishop.

"Oh, no; he wouldn't have understood if he had overheard. He only knows a few words of English. He's only got about three letters in his alphabet, R-U-M—rum."

"Rum!" ejaculated the savage, with great dignity.

"Git!" replied Bishop, laconically, waving the Indian away.

With unsteady steps the savage departed. Down along the entry he went, and his reeling figure was soon lost in the darkness.

"Go for the wine while I keep watch outside the door," Van Rensselaer said.

Cautiously the two stole along the entry. One to the door of the room; the other to the stairway, which he descended.

CHAPTER XV.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

WHEN the young girl re-entered the room, she found the old man seated by the table, his head resting upon his hand, the elbow on the table.

With a smile upon his face, the old man lifted up his head at the approach of the girl.

"I am sorry that I have been obliged to keep you waiting," she said, coming near and resting her hand upon the table.

"I am very patient," he replied, "and in such a quest as I am now engaged in, do not mind a few hours' delay, much less a few minutes."

"You say that my voice reminds you of some one whom you used to know?" she asked, thoughtfully, her mind having returned to the strange words of the old man.

"Yes; but pray be seated. I have quite a long story to tell you," he said.

"A story?"

"Yes, of a young girl whom I once loved as though she had been my own child. It is she that you put me in mind of. A child that I once dearly loved—that for years I have lost sight of."

"I will listen," the girl said, seating herself by the table as she spoke.

"My story commences twenty-five years ago. I was a young man then, living in my native village, a small place named Sandy Creek, in the upper part of this State. Side by side with me grew up a young girl named Sarah Gordon. As boy and girl we played together, the houses of our parents joined. She was a pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired fairy. When I came to manhood I discovered that the feeling of friendship I had had for my pretty playmate had ripened into the warmer passion which the world calls love. I did not openly tell my passion, but in a hundred little acts tried to show the maiden of my heart that she was loved. And at last, just as I had begun to fancy from her manner that my attentions were not displeasing to her, a young New Yorker chanced to come to our village. He was a young, dashy, handsome fellow, with plenty of money, which he threw away as carelessly as though he was the heir to a gold-mine. He caught the eye and fancy of the pretty Sarah. He wooed and won her, and in one short month after Philip Van Rensselaer came to the village of Sandy Creek, Sarah Gordon beame his wife."

Coralie started at the name.

"Philip Van Rensselaer!" she murmured, to herself, "the father of David! What a strange revelation is this! What am I about to hear?"

"Six months after his marriage, Philip Van Rensselaer was summoned to New York by his father. Two months before that time, the father and mother of his country bride died suddenly, one after the other; both were well advanced in years. When Van Rensselaer was called so suddenly to New York, he entreated me to see that his young wife wanted for nothing during his absence. Neither the wife nor husband guessed the love that had filled my heart; they thought of me as a friend only. I accepted the trust, for I had but one wish in the world, and that was to see her happy.

"Month after month went by, yet Philip Van Rensselaer came not back to his young and sorrowing wife; neither did he write. At last Heaven sent a child to bless the heart of the deserted wife, but e'er the happy mother could kiss the lips of her babe, her own were cold in death.

"Then I set out for New York in person, determined to seek out Philip Van Rensselaer, and call him to an account for his desertion of his child-wife. When I arrived in New York I found that Van Rensselaer was absent from home—gone on a European tour. I waited until he returned. When he came back he brought a wife with him. He had married a scond time, forced to it by his father. He implored me to keep his first marriage secret and to take charge of his child. I consented, for I loved the child for its mother's sake. He agreed to send each year to Sandy Creek a certain sum for the child's support, and further promised in time to come, to provide for her handsomely.

"Satisfied with this, I returned to my home; found a cousin of the mother, who, being a poor woman, gladly agreed to take charge of the child. Five years passed away, then I went to India—a wealthy uncle having died childless, and thus given me means to gratify my passion for traveling in the far East.

"I was absent from my home five years. Letters, of course, came few and far between. When I returned, I discovered, to my dismay, that the woman in whose care I had placed the child had removed—no one knew whither. Despite my utmost endeavor I could not discover the slightest clue to her whereabouts. At last, giving up search and mourning the child as one lost to me forever, I returned again to India. Coming again to my native land, in the first week I meet you, and in the tones of your voice I recognize the voice of my long-lost child, Alice Gordon Van Rensselaer."

In strange agitation Coralie gazed upon the stranger.

"It can not be," she murmured, with white lips and a beating heart; "the name of the woman with whom you placed the child?"

"Gordon, a cousin of the mother."

Sorrowfully the girl bowed her head.

"You are the child?" he asked, earnestly.

"No, I am not the one you seek," the girl said, slowly.

"You are sure of it?" the old man asked, a shade of disappointment gathering on his face.

"Yes; when you told the story of the missing child, it seemed to me like the history of my own life, for I, too, am an orphan."

"And you never knew your parents?"

"No; but the woman who reared me was called Wilson. When you spoke the name of Gordon you crushed all the hope from my heart. I am surely not the one you seek."

"I am very much disappointed," the old savant said, slowly. "I felt sure the moment the tones of your voice fell upon my ears that in you I had found my long-lost protege, little Alice. But, you have promised that I shall see your face."

"Yes, and I will keep that promise on one condition," the girl replied; "I did not dream what I was doing when I commenced this folly."

"I will accept the condition, whatever it is," the savant said, quickly.

"It is a simple one; that you forget my face the moment after you have seen it."

"Willingly, if you wish it. Should I meet you in the street to-morrow, I will pass you by as an utter stranger."

"That is all I ask."

A low tap sounded on the door.

Coralie opened the door and received a small tray, on which were a bottle of wine and two glasses.

She closed the door and placed the tray on the table.

"You will drink with me," she said, with a powerful effort nerving herself to play the part which Van Rensselaer's art had forced upon her.

"Yes; but you have promised that I shall see your face," he said.

"Drink first, and then I will keep my promise," she replied, filling the glasses.

"Good, and my toast shall be, happiness to you," said the old man, gallantly emptying his glass at a draught. Then he noticed that her glass was still full.

"You do not drink," he said.

"I have a reason," she replied.

Dreamily the old man passed his hand over his forehead.

"Now your promise," he said.

With a rapid movement she threw back the heavy vail which hid her face.

A single moment the old man glared into the beautiful face of the young girl; then he rose slowly, and with difficulty, to his feet. The drugged wine was beginning to take effect.

"What do I see?" he cried, in broken accents; "the face of Sarah Gordon, who married Philip Van Rensselaer—but, no, I dream—I am sleepy."

Slowly he staggered back, beating the air, dreamily, with his outstretched hands.

"Alice—my Alice!" he murmured, as he sunk upon the sofa.

With a last effort, he threw open the light overcoat, which he wore buttoned over his breast.

"I am sleepy," he murmured, "sleepy—Alice—"

And with the word he extended himself upon the sofa, and sunk into a deep slumber, the effect of the powerful drug contained in the wine.

The quick eyes of the girl caught sight of a folded, legal-looking paper in the breast-pocket of his overcoat.

"That is what Van Rensselaer is in search of!" she cried, suddenly; "but I will foil him and preserve it."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 119.)

Ned's Adventure.

BY ARCHIE IRONS.

"I NEVER told you of my 'venture with a b'ar, did I?" asked Ned Andrews, one evening, after we had returned to our shanty after a day's hunt.

"No," said Clare Leland, who formed one of our party; "but it's just the night for a story; let's hear it."

"Wal," replied Ned, as he stirred the fire vigorously, "it ain't much of a 'venture; howsumever, it'll serve to pass away time."

He mused a moment, looking steadily into the fire, and then continued:

"It war some seven or eight years ago that I war trappin' with Bill Wharton up on the Sweet Water river. It was late in the season, but the snow hadn't come yet, an' we didn't do much in the huntin' line, 'ceptin' to kill a buck now and then.

"Bill war out one mornin' huntin', an', after I'd looked at the traps, I 'cluded I'd go out, too. There war a thick lot of timber that run 'long the river, an' I war goin' 'long in this, lookin' round to see what I could, when I see'd a tree thet looked as tho' they war a b'ar in it.

"I poked all 'round the tree, but couldn't see much, 'ceptin' thet it war crotched, an' there war a big hole atween them, an' the bark on the tree looked purty well chawed up, as tho' they'd suthin' more'n 'coon gone up.

"It war quite a ways up to the first limb, so I fell a little saplin' ag'in' it to climb on. I tho't that 'ud rouse the b'ar up, if thar war one in thar, but they didn't nothin' show itself, so I lit some torches, an' set my gun down, an' 'gun ter climb.

"I had a good pistol an' knife, an' warn't much 'fraid of two or three b'ars. I got to the top an' looked in. I couldn't see nothin', it war so all-fired dark, so I dropped the torch inter the holler.

"It fell fifteen feet, I should think, an' laid on the bottom, sputterin' about a second, an' then it war turned over quicker'n lightnin' an' thar war some tall snortin' for about a minit, an' then the darndest scratchin' an' bellerin' ye ever heerd in your life.

"I see'd 'twar a b'ar, an' the torch had set his hair afire, an' the way he bellered, an' wapsed his legs 'round, ter git up ter the top, wa'n't slow, now I tell ye.

"Soon's he got to the top he war so 'mazed at findin' suthin' was the matter of him that he guv a snort, an' that scart him wus than ever, an' he lost his balance an' fell cawhollop down the tree on the outside.

"But he didn't go clear down—there was another crotch or big limb down a ways, and he catched on that, but his goin' down put the fire out; but if you'd see'd him come back up the tree, you'd tho't he'd forgot suthin', for the way he h'isted himself along wasn't slow. When he first started out o' the hole, I'd slid up one of the crotches a few feet, so's to be out o' his way a little, but when he cum up I couldn't shoot for laffin', but when he cum up thet time I's all ready for him, and when he stuck up his head I let fly with my pistil, but the blamed thing wouldn't go.

"The b'ar see'd me an' made for me, but I didn't have time to put on a fresh cap, so I dropped my pistil an' grabbed my knife. Just then I heard an all-fired scratchin' at the foot of the tree, and I'll be darn'd ef thar wa'n't another big b'ar a-cummin' up."

"I tell yer, boys, I was in a tight fix. I tho't of a prayer I heard once, but didn't have no time to say it, for the pesky b'ar at the crotch was makin' faces at me, an' crawlin' out on the limb that I was on. He wa'n't more'n four feet from me, an' I was thinkin' about gettin' a cuff, thet 'ud make me see stars, when *bang* went suthin', an' the b'ar tumbled off the limb, an' fell about half way to the ground, whar he come *cowhollop* ag'in' t'other b'ar comin' up, an' knocked him off, an' they both struck the ground togather purty solid.

"That made t'other b'ar so all-fired mad, ter be knocked down in that way, that he jest give an all-fired yell an' piled onter t'other b'ar, an' the way they wapsed their legs round each other an' made the hair an' dirt fly was amazin', when up run Bill an' grabbed my gun, an' shot t'other one.

"Thet did the bizness for both of 'em, an' they kicked a little, an' went under.

"The first one he shot in the neck, but he'd life 'nough in him ter fight some.

"Bill wasn't but a little ways off when I fell the saplin' ter climb on, an' heard me, an' tho't he'd come out an' see what war up. Soon's he come in sight, he see'd what war up, an' shot the b'ar in the tree. If he hadn't cum jes' as he did, thar'd 'a' been some tall doin's in a short time.

"Now le's go ter bed."

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98 William street, New York.

BASHFUL.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

When I was somewhat younger than
  I may be just at present,
I was as shy before the girls
  As—well, I'll say a pheasant;
I took them to be angels, and
  I felt that I was human;
I'd rather faced a man I owed
  Than to have faced a woman.

And awkward? Why, I never went
  To 'tend a parlor meeting,
But what I felt my doubtful heart
  Unmercifully beating;
My hands were always in the way,
  And didn't suit me any,
And vexed me till I thought I had
  At least a pair too many.

My feet, to try to keep them right,
  Took all my engineering,
They got against the parlor chairs
  And took off the veneering;
I couldn't handle them at all,
  And grew quite bored about them,
And thought I well could get along
  (There, anyhow,) without them.

The chair I sat on was a rack;
  I'd sit there like a martyr;
The girls' eyes all upon me, and
  Each girl a roguish Tartar!
And they would smile and I would blush,
  And tilt back to recover
My senses, which were on the wane,
  And once or twice went over.

I always snuffed the candles out;
  Called many a Miss a Mrs.;
And trembled when I went to take
  My penalty of kisses.
I stumbled over footstools, and
  Got up again quite humble,
And mumbled out apologies
  More comic than the tumble.

Well, well! It took all these mishaps
  To make me something human,
And I have grown *at last* to be
  To bashfulness a foeman.
Oh, yes, my bashfulness is gone;
  But, to be candid, truly,
It might be better had I not
  Got rid of it so wholly!

The "Thousand Islands."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

I.—THE PLEASURES OF THE PASSAGE.

We had three in our party as we left our Yankee port behind and steamed out upon the broad expanse of old Ontario. It was night, and such a night as we never see, except in a northern clime. Behind, the lights of the city, the flash of the lantern of the light-house and the rows of shipping at the wharves. Before us the blue waters of the lake, dimpling under the bows of the steamer, and the lamps of many crafts bound East, West and North, and on the port-bow the pyramid of colored lanterns, which announced the approach of one of the "Canadian line" of sidewheel steamers, coming up from Ogdensburg. There was just wind enough to ruffle the surface of the lake, but the effect of the last gale had not yet passed away, and a long, dead swell was rolling in from the west. One by one the stars came out in the summer sky, and the moon rolled up in majestic splendor from behind a bank of gray clouds, close down to the water's edge, and shed a full, mellow radiance on the scene.

We stood at the steamer's bow and looked out across the wide expanse of shining water, and saw the grand panorama spread out before us with infinite pleasure, but my joy was soon changed to mourning. I looked at Jim Stanley, and saw that he was getting white around the gills, and I felt a deadly faintness stealing into the region which my waistband encompassed. I felt *mean*, and would have given a small amount of earthly lucre for a little dry land to set my foot upon. I would have been indifferent as to the quality of the land, so that it were steadfast earth. With old Gonzalo, "how would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing." No one, who has not endured the horror of sea-sickness, can dream of the lonesome feeling which takes captive a man under the influence of that evil of voyagers. Utterly desperate, too miserable to care for life, and with hardly ambition enough to wish for death, the experience is one never to be forgotten.

I went down below, and Jim went with me. He didn't look as if he enjoyed the prospect, anyhow, and that infamous Viator, our friend and mentor, was shaking his sides with inhuman laughter. It beats every thing how much a man who is *not* sea-sick enjoys the agony of the man who *is*, no matter how friendly he may be to him under other circumstances. It is the only kind of sickness for which you get no sympathy; and it drove me wild to see how coolly Viator took our sufferings.

"How do you feel, Jim?" I moaned, as we staggered down the narrow passage and got upon the lower deck.

"*Blessed* bad," said Jim; "how are you, old man?"

By the way, he did not say "blessed," but, somehow, the word looks better on paper than the term he really used.

"I don't feel very well myself, Jim," I said, faintly. "I wonder if we shall ever get over it?"

"I don't care a cent," replied Jim; "but I'd give forty dollars if I was strong enough to lick Viator. He needn't look so high and mighty because *he* ain't sick. It's mean to crow over a fellow because he's down."

"Viator isn't the man I took him for," I said, mournfully. "I never thought he would laugh at a man who was sick. Oh, dear! this is awful. Can't we take something?"

We took something. It came out of a bottle, and we got it in a little seven by nine pen on the lower deck. Immediately after taking it I felt impressed with a desire to get out of that place, and Jim went, too. He didn't pay the man who was behind the bar, because he wanted to go with me, and I seemed to be in the greatest hurry. We rushed to the gangway and looked out, but the prospect was not refreshing.

The ornamental revilings against water in any shape in which we indulged, during the brief hour in which that fearful sickness held us in its clutches, would have sunk Sodom.

But, upon sober thought, I don't think a man who is sea-sick is responsible for what he does. I'm afraid of the Asiatic cholera, small-pox and other epidemics, but I'll take my chances on any of them rather than another dose of sea-sickness. I no longer have any wish to follow the course of those "who go down to the sea in ships;" rivers are good enough for me, because a man can get to dry land in a short time there. But, out upon the pathless water, with no land in sight, in a restless hearse, which rocks and rolls and disturbs the internal structure of a man without let or hindrance, is too much.

Two hours after, two miserable skeletons crawled out upon deck, and there was that infernal Viator, smoking a cigar, calm as a May morning, with his feet upon a stool and his back against the rail, looking as if sea-sickness was a thing to him unknown. There is nothing so exasperating to the unfortunate as the sight of a man who never will be sea-sick, and we looked at him in silent disgust.

"How do you get on, Charley? How goes it, Jim? Have a cigar?"

"I wouldn't be a fool, if I was you, Harry Viator," roared Jim. "No; I will *not* have a cigar."

"Ought to be ashamed of yourself," I gasped out.

"All right, my sons; you'll both feel better in the morning. How can any one be sick when they have such a glorious breeze as this, and under such a sky. I—"

We didn'tn wait for more, but, hurling maledictions upon his guilty head, we fled away, and got to our stateroom somehow, and into our berths. And there we lay, bumping against the bulkheads when the steamer rolled, banning sea and sky, until sleep eventually put an end to our sufferings.

As morning came, we rolled out, stiff and sore, and went on deck just as we glided up a glorious bay, past the frowning batteries and forts which guard the entrance, and Kingston lay before us. We had thought to be very cool to our passionless friend, but the sight of his genial face, and his jolly good-morning, drove such thoughts from our minds, and we joined him at the breakfast table, where we demonstrated the fact that, if the steamboat company is in collusion with the waves to render passengers sea-sick with the idea of saving provisions, they make a fearful mistake, for the appetite of the recovered victim is something beyond compare.

After an hour's ramble through the stiff old colonial town, we once more embarked, and the prow of the Corinthian headed once more for Clayton.

SAM JONES' LUCK.

Sam Jones' Luck;

OR,

TRAPPING FOXES.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

NO. I.

I had been on the police force for about a year, when Captain Brown sent for me one morning, just as I was coming off duty. I was rather a favorite with the captain, having been fortunate enough to arrest a very notorious and desperate burglar about a month before, by a stratagem which I have not time to tell about now. Suffice it to say that I had become quite a hero in my precinct at the time, on the strength of what was, after all, for the most part a lucky accident. In those days we had no professional or private detectives, and the police uniform was not near as smart as it is now, but we used to do some pretty good work for all that, as you'll admit before I get through with my story.

"Sam," said the captain to me, when we were alone in the back office, "how would you like to go on special duty?"

"Depends on what it is, Cap.," said I. "Special duty generally means pretty hard duty. But orders are orders, sir. What is it?"

"It's a service that'll pay well, Sam Jones," said the captain, very meaningly. "I'm going to send Bill Gordon and you together, if you'll go; but I don't want you unless you'll volunteer."

"If Bill Gordon's going, Cap.," said I, "you can count me in. I know he'll stick by me, if we're in a tight place. I'll go, sir."

"Come in, Gordon," said the captain, raising his voice; and in came Bill from the outer office, where he'd been waiting.

Bill was a powerful chap, I tell you; one of the old style. He'd been to California, and all over, and I guess he'd been a hard case in his time. He had joined the force about when I did, and we'd taken a sort of liking to each other.

"Now, boys," said Cap., when we were inside, "I'll tell you what the work is. The president of the Manhattan Bank has offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars to us this morning, if we can ferret out a gang of counterfeiters who have been flooding the country with new five-dollar bills of that bank. You see, the trouble is, that the fellows are burglars too, and have stolen a *genuine plate* from the bank, so that no one knows which bills are good or bad; not even the tellers of the bank being certain. The bank has a number of genuine ones of the same stamp out, and daren't refuse them. So, you see, it's worth their while to pay high to get that plate back."

"What's been done, Cap.?" asked Gordon. He seldom spoke much, but when he did, it was to the purpose.

"Nothing," said Cap. "Here's a list of all the genuine numbers, up to 37,960. Nothing has been yet done. The president only found out the loss last night."

This was like searching for a needle in a haystack. I began to feel that the twenty thousand dollars might be in the sea for all we could get it.

"Is any one suspected? Is there no clue?" I asked. "How did the president first suspect that counterfeits were out?"

"He got a five-dollar bill in change, on the Coney Island boat," said the captain, "and it struck him that it must be a duplicate, from his own memory of the numbers. He said nothing till he got to the bank, when he found that the same number was in the bank vaults. But there are over a hundred thousand dollars' worth outside, and the fellows may ruin the bank before they can be called in."

"Come, Sam, let's be off," said Gordon, gruffly. "We've heard enough. I'm going for the Coney Island boat."

I knew, from Bill's manner, that he had some scheme in his head, so I saluted the captain, told him we would report in the evening, and we left. When we got outside, Gordon clutched me by the arm.

"Sam," said he, in a low tone, "I guess I know who did the job. It's the same trick he served the Ocean Bank, at 'Frisco. Go home quick, and get your duds on. I'll meet you at the boat at nine, pier 43."

I was used to Gordon's ways, and knew he had some clue. There was no time to lose, if we wanted to get to the boat; so I ran home to my boarding-house and took off my uniform in a hurry, got my revolver hid away, and started for the boat in plain clothes.

Just as I came out of the door, I was accosted by one of my fellow-boarders, a long, thin man they called Service. He always seemed to have plenty of money, though no one could tell where it came from, as he never talked much about his business. He was very well liked around the house, being a quiet, civil sort of man enough, but—policeman-like—I suspected that something was wrong with him. That morning, I don't know how it was, but the moment I set eyes on him, it flashed through my mind that he was one of the gang I was after. I had no reason to suspect it, but I did, and his words confirmed it.

"Ah, Mr. Jones," he said, politely; "off duty to-day? Going on a little excursion, I suppose. Try a dip in the sea, eh?"

"Perhaps so," said I, shortly. "But I'm rather in a hurry, so excuse me."

"Well, perhaps you're going my way," said Service, catching up to me with his long legs, as I turned away down the street. "I very often go down to Coney Island myself, for I'm fond of sea-bathing. Why shouldn't we walk together?"

"Oh! so you're going to Coney Island?" said I, changing my mind. "Well, so am I. Let's go along."

"Very happy, I'm sure, Mr. Jones," he said, politely. "I always like to be along with you gentlemen of the police. It makes one feel so safe in a row, and rows will happen aboard these excursion boats. But perhaps you're on duty to-day."

"What makes you think so?" I asked, sharply.

He looked a little confused, and answered:

"Oh, nothing, nothing. Only there are a good many pickpockets aboard the boat, and I thought it possible you might be after one of them or all."

"Oh, no," I said carelessly. "I'm out on a spree to-day, that's all."

He went on talking, and talking very well, too, till we got to the boat, when I saw Bill Jordan leaning on the rail of the upper deck, looking down at the dock. Bill was dressed about as rough as a man need be, and his beard, generally so neat and trim, looked wild and ragged now. Altogether, he was wonderfully changed in looks from the Bill Gordon I left in the morning.

I saw that he knew me at once, but I also noticed, and I can hardly say with surprise, that *he knew Service*. The notion had got into my head so firmly that Service was a counterfeiter, that the recognition of him by Gordon only seemed a confirmation of my ideas. But the next moment Gordon turned round, and I could not for the life of me tell whether Service had in turn recognized him or not. He was one of those yellow-faced, imperturbable men, whom you never can catch in an exhibition of feeling, and I saw that I must get away from him and watch him unseen, if I expected to find out any thing about him.

As there was a great crowd on the boat, I had little trouble in getting away from him, on the pretext of taking a drink, which he declined to join in, alleging temperance principles for excuse. I always suspect temperance men, unless I know them well, for there are so many hypocrites among them.

I went down to the bar, and the first person I saw there was Bill Gordon, apparently very drunk. He pretended not to recognize me, from which I knew that he was playing a part. Pretty soon, however, he staggered close to me in the crowd, and whispered:

"Who's that fellow I saw with you?"

"A fellow-boarder named Service," I answered, in the same tone.

"*Shadow him! It's our man!*" he muttered, and lurched away to the other side of the room, where he soon pretended to be asleep.

I knew Gordon well enough to obey his wishes, and I returned to the deck, where I got into a group of people, where I was hidden, and watched Service.

The man was evidently in secret communication with a number of people among the crowd, for I detected signals passing from one to the other. The recognition of Gordon had proved to me that Service was a bad case of some kind, but the difficulty remained, who was he? If he were to turn out to be the counterfeiter, where was the plate, and what proofs had we to convict him? That is the detective's great difficulty.

I kept away from him till the boat landed her passengers, when I went ashore with the rest, and was joined by Gordon on the beach, as sober as a judge now.

"Come with me, Sam," he said. "I want to talk to you. Let's take a scow and pull out on the water. No one can hear us then."

I pointed him out the long, lank figure of Service, who was strolling up the beach toward the bathing houses.

"How about him?" I asked.

"He'll keep," said Gordon, gruffly. "He'll come back on the pier before long."

We got a boat and rowed out, and there Gordon told me a tale of this man Service, whose California *alias* was Rhett, that fairly amazed me.

"We can't arrest him here, Sam," he concluded. "His pals are two many for us two. He'll go out on the sands soon, after he's been down to the bridge. The dock-keeper's one of the gang. Now let's go ashore and shadow him. You know the danger now, and can join me or not, as you wish."

"I'm in for it," I said; and we pulled to shore under the bridge at which the boat landed.

Once underneath, Gordon bid me lay still and listen. Steps were coming down the dusty road toward the bridge.

"Him and his pal!" whispered Gordon, and we both peeped.

Service and a rough-looking man, dressed like a deck hand, were talking together as they moved down the bridge, Service looking angry, the other defiant.

"How much do you want then?" asked Service, angry, putting his hand in his breast as if to bring forth a pocket-book.

"I want a thousand dollars, or I squeal," said the other, firmly. "I ain't a-goin' to have Sing Sing floating afore me for nothin'."

"Well, then you'll have to wait till to-morrow," said Service, "till we've printed some more queer. I'm going after the plate now."

Gordon nudged me, and we both sunk down under the bridge.

Forecastle Yarns.

The Harpooner's Death.

BY C. D. CLARK.

The old Acteon lay in the North Pacific, in the track of the whale, floating idly upon the calm surface, with hardly wind enough to raise the pennant, and even that coming in fitful puffs. The watch on deck were at their stations, it is true, but they did not seem to have any work to do. Two were seated on the fore cross-trees, one idly whittling at a whale's tooth, which he was preparing to engrave in sailor fashion with India ink, and the other engaged in tattooing a foul anchor upon his left wrist. The man with the tooth was a grizzled, hard-featured sea veteran, seamed and scarred by battles with the monsters of the deep; the other was a fresh looking youngster, tall and sinewy, with a handsome face—strikingly in contrast with his companion's. Yet they were "chums," for on board ship every man seemed naturally to choose a mate, and perhaps the taciturn harpooner, Jackson, had chosen Charley Floyd because they *were* direct opposites in character, for Floyd was a merry, careless fellow, full of life, while Jackson rarely spoke to any one except his chum.

"You are a great believer in fate, Jack," said Floyd, putting an artistic touch upon the cable which he was working on his wrist.

"But, I tell ye it's so, boy," replied John Jackson, in a solemn voice. "I've killed ninety-nine whale with my own harpoon since I first took the steel in my hand. I've killed ninety-nine, I say, and I'll never live to kill the other, for the hundredth will kill me."

"You don't believe that, old man," said Floyd, uneasily. "Pshaw! I never thought a man like you could believe such nonsense."

"I wish I could think it wa'n't so, Charley," replied the old sailor; "but, it's got to be, and you'll see it done."

"If you believe that, why don't you quit the sea, Jack?"

"Quit the sea? Jack Jackson quit the sea acause he's got to die? I thought you knowed the old man better than *that*, Charley. No!" he cried, rising in the top, and waving the tooth above his head; "I'll die as I've lived, on the heaving water. Ha! There she blows! blows, blows! There she blows!"

The call was heard on deck, and the second mate who had been leaning idly against the heel of the bowsprit answered the hail:

"In the fore-top! Where do you see the spout?"

"Three points on the lee bow!" replied Jackson.

All was now confusion in the ship, but it was a confusion which led to results. The officers were on deck in a twinkling, and with the speed and celerity which only long practice can impart, the boats were in the water, speeding away toward the spouts. The tough ash bent, as the sturdy rowers laid their strength upon them, and the boats sprung as if alive and eager for the game.

"Easy, my sons," whispered the captain, as he swayed his body to and fro in the stern; "easy, my doves. Don't break your backs until I tell you, and, *when* I tell you, break them for my sake. Jack, there's a son of a gun in the third-mate's boat that says he can beat you. *Don't* let him beat you; don't let him beat my old harpooner. There she blows! Pull, my sons, pull!"

Jack Jackson smiled grimly as he bore his weight upon the oar.

"Let out!" hissed the captain, with sudden energy, giving the steering-oar a sweep. "Pull, if it opens all your seams. Pull, if it breaks your backs. Start her lively, and pull. Away you go. Splinter your oars and pull. Do something for my sake, infants. Crack your joints, you sleepers. Rouse and bilt. Now she *moves*."

Away toward the white water, glancing before them with set teeth, swelling muscles and flashing eyes, the crews rowed on. But, who was like Jackson and his crew? At every stroke the frail boat seemed to leap, and the captain continued his exordium more from habit than necessity.

"Soundings!" he cried, and, as he spoke, the gigantic prey they followed went down into the depths of the ocean, far out of sight, and the sea was blank. The captain sat down tranquilly and waited, and the men bent forward like tigers ready for the spring.

"Ha! There's his hump!" hissed the captain. "Stand up, Jack!"

Up rose John Jackson with the harpoon poised in his hand, and planting his foot, sent the keen barb to its sockets in the vitals of leviathan, and, as if impelled by some great shock, the boat flew backward, out of the reach of the grand monster in his fury. A moment of fearful commotion, and then he sounded, with the iron fast, and they felt a writhing serpent passing across their wrists. It was the whale line running out, the slightest kink in which might take them down. They saw it writhing and twisting in the tub, in seemingly inextricable confusion. The eyes of the younger members of the crew dwelt with peculiar feelings upon this object, as they thought how little would carry them down to destruction. But, John Jackson sat in his place, after changing with the captain, who went forward with his lance, stern and sad, and Charley Floyd looked at him.

"The hundredth whale, Jack," he whispered. "What do you think now?"

"Wait and see," was the reply.

He had scarcely spoken, when there was a sharp click; the line had caught upon a splinter no larger than a pin; it sprung upward, and caught the old harpooner about the neck. There came a horrible, choking sound, and the unfortunate man was whirled out of the boat.

"Cut!" screamed the captain, who had taken up the lance. The knives fell, but too late for the doomed sailor, about whose neck the loop had twisted three times, and the boat lay dancing upon the surface of the water, while Jack Jackson was dragged out of sight, into the fathomless depths. He had struck his hundredth whale, and, as the vision told him, had perished in the act.

We struck the whale again when he rose, and killed him. The harpoon was still fast in his back, and when we hauled in on the line, we dragged out the body of poor Jack, with that look of horror still frozen on his face. Whether or no there are times when men have a foreknowledge of coming fate I can not tell, but this man perished as he had himself foretold.

Beat Time's Notes.

Toast.—The Printer, a noble *type*. May his *form* be lovely, his *face* beautiful, his *line* illustrious, his dealings *square*, his virtues *ink*-alculable, his X-change plenty, his *sheets* be fair, his countenance *illuminated*. May his eye never be *pied* and his nose never be *blew*. May the number of his friends be *quad*-rupled. May his actions stand *proof*. May he *stick* to his *leaders*, be always *composed*, and act honorable with the *Devil*. And may his columns be crammed, his delinquents lammed, and his enemies—

We know a marble cutter who chiseled his boss out of a piece of marble and one hundred and twenty-four dollars.

The man who solved the riddle of life has undertaken to dis-*solve* a freezing look.

Along the coast the people are very clamorous after clams.

We are sometimes honest by the force of accident, as when tickling ourselves that at the last store we received overchange, we hurry home and, counting, find we are mistaken.

It is a bad thing to talk behind a man's back.

Whenever the young ladies receive a secret kiss they are always sure to mouth it.

When a girl dotes on a young man she can be considered in her dotage.

Birds never fly till they get feathers, but it looks a good deal like our hotel beds will have to fly before they ever get any.

What kind of strainer does a man use who strains himself?